WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XVII: No. 6 OCTOBER, 1913 Price 10 Cents

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

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The Papacy and the Popes.
Editorial Notes.
Miscellaneous.
Book Reviews.

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Democracy and the Currency Bill.

By RICHARD MENEFEE:

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THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Thomson, Ga.

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XVII, No. 6 OCTOBER Price 10 Cents

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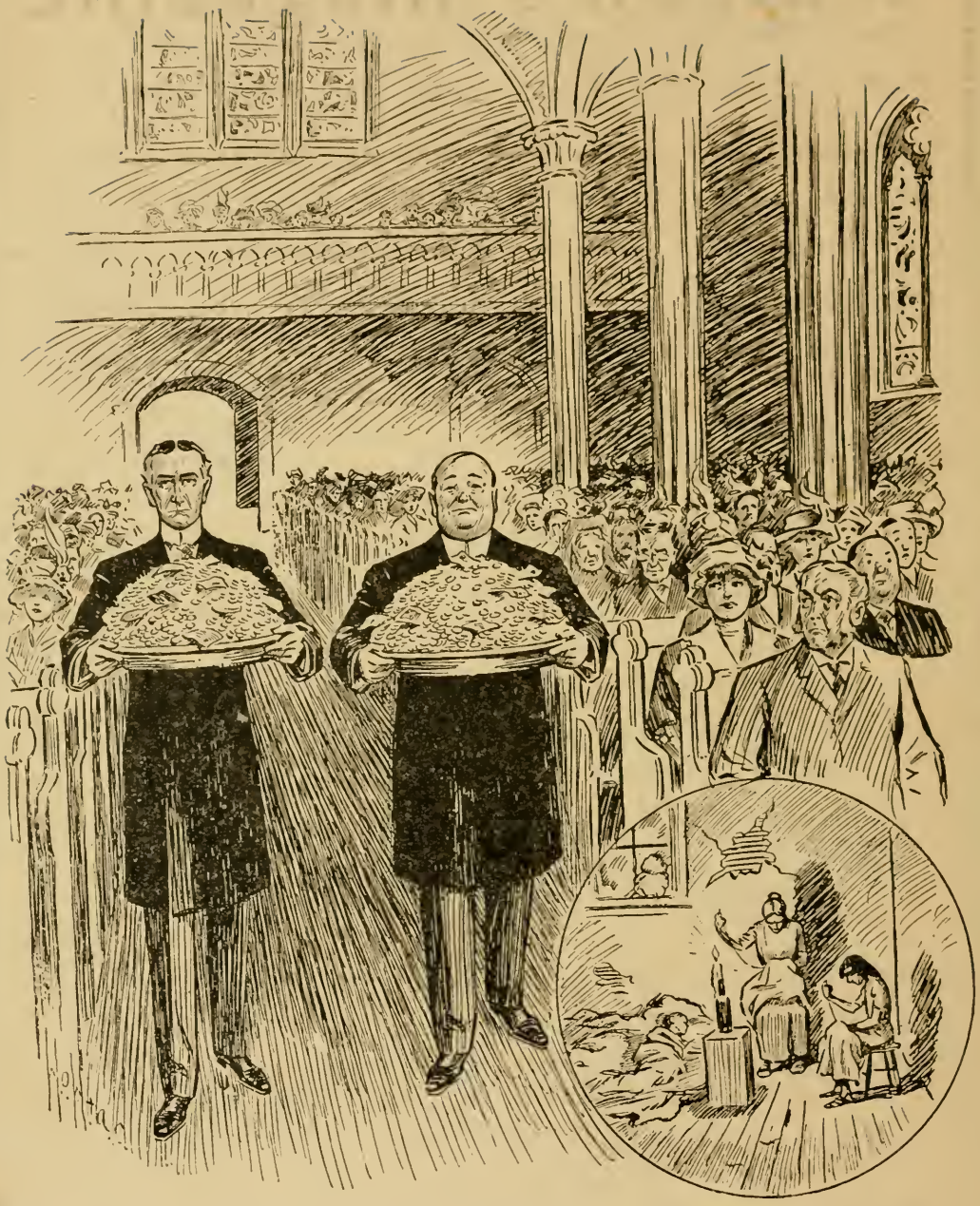
REPRESENTATIVE: Geo. S. Krantz, 22 West 24th Street, New York City.



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Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew

First Part

THE insanity which is involved in religious persecutions did not afflict the ancients. That accursed madness was late in making its dread visit to the human race. The world knew nothing of it, until after the angels had sung, "*Peace* on earth, and *good will* to men."

(II.)

Sir James Mackintosh, writing on "The Progress of Ethical Philosophy," says of Plato:

"The object" (of his teaching) "is to inspire the love of Truth, of Wisdom, of Beauty, especially of Goodness—the highest Beauty, and of that Supreme and Eternal Mind, which contains all Truth and Wisdom, all Beauty and Goodness. * * *

"Virtue he represented as the harmony of the whole soul;—as a peace between all its principles and desires. * * * as a well-ordered commonwealth, where the obedient passions executed with energy the laws and commands of Reason.

"The vicious mind presented the odious character, sometimes of discord, of war; sometimes of disease; always of passions warring with each other in eternal anarchy.

"Consistent with himself, and at peace with his fellows, the good man felt in the quiet of his conscience a foretaste of the approbation of God."

Is not this the gospel of philanthropy, is it not consistent with the Sermon on the Mount; and is not the Sermon itself a repetition of Talmudic teaching—which in turn is the echo of the Wisdom whose voice was heard in the remote East at the dawn of recorded history?

(III.)

Thou shalt do no murder. Love thy neighbor. Forgive those who sin against you. Return good for evil. Faith and Hope are great, but greater still is Charity. Put up thy sword: vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

Blessed are the merciful! Blessed are the peacemakers! Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake!

Judge not; condemn not; give. AND FORGIVE!

"For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me to drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came to my relief!"

Did He say it? If so, you may be quite sure that He never belied Himself.

A Prince of Peace cannot be likewise a God of War. A God of Love cannot be also a God of Hate. A God who takes children upon his knee, and fondles them; who makes a friend of Lazarus, and who sits at meat with the common man, sharing his simple talk and his cup of wine; who walked

barefoot among the poor and pitied suffering wherever He found it; who sweated blood because of the persecution that was eager for his death; who spoke no word of reproach to the disciples that ran off and left Him in the midst of wolfish enemies; whose infinite compassion even in the hour of supreme pain embraced both the weeping Mother at His feet, and the thief, bleeding at His side—this God, you may be sure, *O, you may be SURE!* never surrendered His serene face to the devilish contortions of a pitiless, murderous passion; never sullied His lips with the brutal command to "*kill!*"

No: a thousand time no! The heralds from on high announced the coming of Peace and good will—not strife and deadly animosities. The Baptist, hailing from the wilderness and calling the wicked to repentance, proclaimed a mission of mercy and salvation, not of revenge!

The Master Himself, never proud, never arrogant, never proscriptive, never blood-thirsty, sent His divine voice among all the unhappy, the friendless, the despondent, the grief-stricken, saying, "Come unto Me, all ye who are bowed down, heavy-laden! Come to Me, and I will be your comforter.

Weep no more!

The world was weary, and I came to give ye Rest. Ye were compassed round about with doubt and darkness, and had wandered away; lost sheep, *I* am the Way, the Shepherd—come unto Me!"

In the olden times, there *were* gods of vengeance, of fury, of massacre; gods who fed on human sacrifice, who gloated on human agony, whose music was the shriek of human terror, pain and despair.

In Druid groves, on Aztec pyramids, at Grecian altars, murder seemed religious.

The benighted votaries of such faiths could not conceive of a god that did not enjoy the mangling of the human body, the sight of human blood, the sound of the scream of human fear and pain.

Throughout antiquity, that awful conception prevailed; the conception of a god who was intensely pleased when poor human creatures were burnt, or ripped open with a knife, or devoured by wild beasts and hideous reptiles, or made the victim of some other form of violent, cruel death—to please and appease a god.

The gorgon head appeared in all religions, striking terror and death into abject, shrinking mortals. Siva, Moloch, Nemesis, the Furies, Mars, Thor, Ate—the names even now revive memories that enlightened humanity would be glad to forget.

And when we find that the ancient Hebrews were unable to free their minds from this archaic and barbarous idea of God, our charity bids us remember that every people should be judged by the age in which it lived, and the opinions which then prevailed.

We of the Twentieth Century need not believe that Abraham actually heard God order the murder of Isaac.

In our own day, we read of fathers and mothers who slay their children, because they believe that God has commanded it. You and I do not believe that God issued any such orders: *we* think that the poor creatures who sacrificed their off-spring were crazy.

We do not say that Abraham was insane: we know that he wasn't: but we also know that God did *not* direct him to kill Isaac. Abraham thought so; and, *in the light of his times*, was justified in the belief.

(IV.)

Born of the lowly, among the lowly, laid in the feed-trough of the donkey, reared at the carpenter's bench, a teacher among the poor, His disciples illiterate, Himself without a home on

all this earth: so came Jesus of Nazareth; and the common people heard Him gladly.

He founded no church, established no priesthood, organized *nothing*. He proclaimed a mission, delivered a message, named others to herald His gospel throughout the world—and was gone!

"But I tell you, Do not contend with the wicked; whosoever strikes you upon your right cheek, turn the other to him as well."

"I tell you to love your enemies; bless those who curse you; act generously to those who hate you; and pray for those who ill-use and persecute you: *then*, you will become the sons of your Father who is in heaven."

And having said it, He went His appointed way, to a bitter persecution and a cruel death.

(V.)

In Armenia there is the oldest of Christian churches, and the oldest of Christian sects. The Nestorians did not travel any of the imperial roads that led to Rome. While the church of Paul was evolving a pagan monarchy in the West, and the church of Constantinople was growing into the Russian Patriarchate of today, *the Nestorians* kept the old faith, and the old simplicity of the Primitive Church.

In fact, neither the East nor the West ever completely lost the original principles, nor the original forms. Ireland, Britain and Scotland were *Christian*, before they were *papal*. Even in Europe proper, the light of the New Testament was not wholly eclipsed by the splendor of the Roman establishment and ritual. Terrible as was the power of the popes, it could not entirely put out the taper, nor stifle the voice, of *primitive Christianity*.

In the hill-tops hard by the Caspian Sea; in the valleys where the Alpine wall reared its titanic ramparts; in the sunny fields of Provence where thought claimed the freedom of the bird, the faith of Jesus Christ was a faint and flickering ray in the darkness which paganism and ritualism and sacerdotalism had brought upon the Roman world. Faint it was, and flickering, but never entirely put out!

Popes anathematized and thundered; armies marched and butchered; homes were burnt, villages swept away; men, women and children hunted like wild beasts; power and wealth and intolerance and priestly pride, leagued themselves with all the devil-passions of hell; but all in vain!

The light *would* burn, in defiance of sword, and torch, and papal excommunication. Slay as they might, some Armenian survived, *and trimmed the lamp!* Slay as they might, some Waldensian survived, and *fed the light!*

Vaudois might be massacred, until the carnage drew all the vultures of Italy to the Alps; but there were always some Vaudois, hid in a cave, or fled to safety over the mountain pass—and the holy flame lived on, despite the Pope and his murderers.

At this very day, there is a Waldensian church in Rome itself, where a preacher of Christ may almost be heard by the Pontifex Maximus who sits in the Vatican, elaborately lapped in *the ceremonial paganism of which the Cæsars were popes—THE CÆSARS WHO WERE POPES AT THE TIME JESUS CHRIST WAS MURDERED!*

(VI.)

"*Always the same!*"

The church of the Pope of Rome never changes.

"My chair," said Pope Gregory, "is above the chair of the Emperor."

"Whosoever says that the Roman Catholic Church is not infallible, let him be accursed." (Catholic Breviary.)

"The Pope * * * alone ought

to wear the crown of imperial dignity; all princes ought to kiss his feet; he has power to depose all Emperors and Kings and is to be tried by none." (Pope Gregory VII.)

"The Pope is prince over all nations, having power to pluck up, destroy, scatter, ruin, plant and build." (Council of Trent.)

"All mortals are to be judged by the Pope, and the Pope by none at all." (Lateran Council.)

"The Roman Church is the only one God has founded.

It is not lawful to live with those who have been excommunicated.

All princes must kiss his feet.

He has the right to depose emperors.

He can abrogate all sentences of all other persons.

He can release the subjects of bad princes from all oaths of allegiance." (Pope Gregory VII.)

"It is necessary to salvation that all Christians be subject to the Pope." (Pope Bonice VIII.) *Not that all persons be Christians!*

"All Protestants, be they Kings or subjects, are cursed." (Pope Paul IV.)

"All bishops and priests are forbidden to take any oath of allegiance, except to the Pope." (Lateran Council.)

"All magistrates who interpose against priests in any criminal case, whether it be for murder or high treason, let him be excommunicated." (Lateran Council.)

"Be assured, thou sinnest mortally, if thou keep faith with heretics." (Pope Martin IV., St. Thomas Aquinas, and Pope Innocent VIII.)

"Heretics may justly be killed." (St. Thomas Aquinas., Pope Innocent VII., Pope Martin V., Pope Pius IV., Gregory IX., and others.)

"Let them be accursed," (at all times and in all places.) "Cursed be their heads and their thoughts, their eyes and their ears, their tongues and their lips, their teeth and their throats, their breasts and their private parts," &c.

(That is enough. Hell did not brew that damnable curse; popery did it. I have quoted only a small portion of it: the remainder is of the same malevolent order.)

"If a heretic," (*imprisoned for that crime*) "demands absolution, and appears to feel true repentance, it may be granted, imposing at the same time, *perpetual imprisonment.*"

(Perpetual imprisonment for *not* being a papist!)

"But if the Inquisitors are suspicious of the prisoner's repentance, they may refuse absolution, and *condemn him to be burned.*"

(Life-imprisonment in a grave-like dungeon, if repentant and submissive to the Pope: death at the stake, if the holy men of the Inquisition *believe* the repentance insincere!)

"If a semi-proof exists against a person" (charged with heresy) *he is to be put to the torture.*

If he confesses, and afterwards confirms his confession, *he is to be punished as convicted.*

If he retracts (the confession made under torture) *he is to be TORTURED AGAIN*, or condemned to an extraordinary punishment."

"When it is proved that a person by his writings or conduct *dies a heretic*, he shall be judged and condemned as such, *his body dug up and burned*, and his property confiscated."

The white face of death is no flag of truce to the Roman Catholic church: the grave is no refuge, no haven of peace.

The foregoing quotations are taken from the articles governing the Inquisition, organized under the brief of Pope Gregory IX., which reads—

"Since, therefore, according to the office enjoined on us, we are bound to root out all offences from the Kingdom of God, and, as much as in us lies, to oppose such beasts (heretics), we

deliver into your hands the sword of the word of God, which according to the words of the prophet, Jer. xlviii, 10, "Ye ought not to keep back from *blood*," but inspired with zeal for the Catholic faith, like Phineas, make diligent *inquisition* concerning these *pestilent wretches*, their believers, receivers and abettors, and proceed against those who, by such inquisition, shall be found guilty, according to the canonical sanctions and our statutes, which we have lately published, to confound heretical pravity, calling in against them, if need be, the assistance of the secular arm."

(The "assistance of the secular arm" was a euphonious diabolism for beheading, strangling and burning at the stake.

Under that infernal brief, 45,000 Christians were burned in Spain, for the crime of not believing in the Pope's "religion.")

"*Always the same!*"

The church of the Pope of Rome never changes.

Mohammedans said—

"*Accept the Prophet, or die!*"

But they were mere imitators of the Romanists, who before that had said—

"*ACCEPT THE POPE, OR DIE!*"

(VII.)

Long before Luther, there had been forerunners preparing the way. It had been but a question of time when a Moses would arise and lead Israel out of bondage—away from papal fleshpots, papal taskmasters, papal degradation.

In England, there was Wycliffe; in Bohemia, Huss and Jerome; in France, Farel and Le Febvre. But long before this, there had been Savonarola in Florence, and Arnold of Brescia, so sick was Italy itself of the abominations of the Vatican.

Monkish ignorance and superstition no longer satisfied the minds of men. Classical literature, throwing off the cerements of its long burial, came forth in radiance to re-animate a be-shrouded world. Night and nightbirds passed away: the dawn and the songs of a new day filled the awakened soul with rapture.

From their mouldy hiding places, the grand old pagans came forth; and thousands of busy pens copied the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature.

Bruno, Abelard, Erasmus, Rabelais, Tyndale, Ruechlin, Von Hutten, Melancthon, Zwingle, all had felt in a different way the same aspiration toward light and liberty; and it was the spear of the scholar that made the brazen shield of the Roman pontiff ring with its defiant challenge!

The scholar, against the monk: the thinker, against the blind devotee: the Truth, against authority; the Rights of Man, against the Mights of Thrones and Ecclesiasticisms!

No wonder a subtle intuition led Kings and Popes, lay lords and cleric lords, into a league of the Commonweal—the community of interest and weal being that of Privilege, of Caste, of Aristocracy, of Monarchy.

(VIII.)

The religions of antiquity were tolerant. Persecutions were unknown. An insurgent, like Socrates, might be punished for breaking the law and insulting the established gods, but the State did not claim the right to regulate his beliefs. *His conduct*, in public, was a different matter.

As for that, Jesus Himself was condemned and put to death on account of His violation of an established law. He could not be molested for any mere difference of opinion. The Jews who prosecuted Him did not claim the right to dictate His faith. His public conduct and teaching led to His arrest and doom.

When Augustus Cæsar forbade the celebration of the Egyptian rites

within a mile of his capital, he was thought to have been severe. All other religions were free to build temples and to worship therein; and Rome had long been familiar with the divinities of the Nile.

After Augustus, came the Emperors who persecuted the Christians; but these persecutions did not originate in bigotry. The disciples of Christ could not conscientiously obey all the requirements of the Roman law; and for their violation of law, the Christians were punished.

There was no prophet to admonish the primitive believers that, by conforming to Rome's pagan custom and ceremonial, they would simply anticipate, by several centuries, the practices of the Christian popes. Therefore, early martyrs died rather than be participants in what are now the established and orthodox rites.

(IX.)

Finally came the day when the pagan emperors, Constantine and Licinius, decreed that the Roman world should *again* be the home of Universal Toleration.

Here is the Edict of the year 313, *before* Constantine became a Christian:

When we, Constantine and Licinius, emperors, had an interview at Milan, and conferred together with respect to the good and security of the commonweal, it seemed to us that, amongst those things that are profitable to mankind in general, the reverence paid to the Divinity merited our first and chief attention, and that it was proper *that the Christians and all others should have liberty to follow that mode of religion which to each of them appeared best;* so that that God, who is seated in heaven, might be benign and propitious to us, and to every one under our government. And therefore we judge it a salutary measure, and one highly consonant to right reason, that no man should be denied leave of attaching himself to the rites of the Christians, *or to whatever other religion his mind directed him*, that thus the supreme Divinity, to whose worship we freely devote ourselves, might continue to vouchsafe his favor and beneficence to us. And accordingly we give you to know that, without regard to any provisos in our former orders to you concerning the Christians, all who choose that religion are to be permitted, freely and absolutely, to remain in it, and not to be disturbed any ways, or molested. And we thought fit to be thus special in the things committed to your charge, that you might understand that the indulgence which we have granted in matters of religion to the Christians is ample and unconditional; and perceive at the same time that *the open and free exercise of their respective religions is granted to all others, as well as to the Christians.* For it befits the well-ordered State and the tranquility of our times that each individual be allowed, *according to his own choice*, to worship the Divinity; and we mean *not to derogate aught from the honor due to any religion or its votaries.*.—Lactantius. "De Morte Persecutorum" (On the Death of the Persecutors), chap. 48.

"We, Constantine and Licinius!" Pagans, both.

Centuries rolled by, the seat of the Roman Empire moved Eastward, the bishop of the old Eternal City was left behind to become the most conspicuous personage in Rome; the barbarians overran the West and erected new kingdoms; the Roman bishops took the vacant place of the pagan Pontiff, and, in imitation of the Cæsars, seized the reins of power, substituted an ecclesiastical monarchy for the Christian republic, and developed the dogma that a rebel against the Pope, was a rebel against God.

The *heretic* was a rebel: to kill *him* was not only no crime, but a meritorious act, a service to God.

So said the Pope, so said the Council, so said the layman of the sword.

In the East, in the West, at the North, at the South, in the castle, in the hut, the frightful dogma made its way, until men were ready to slaughter their own flesh and blood, rather than permit independence of thought, freedom of speech, liberty of worship.

(X.)

Let us read Guizot's account of the death of the first martyr in France:

John Leclerc, a wool carder at Meaux, seeing a bull of indulgences affixed to the door of Meaux cathedral, had torn it down and substituted a placard in which the pope was described as antichrist. Having been arrested on the spot, he was, by decree of the Parliament of Paris, whipped publicly, three days consecutively, and branded on the forehead by the hangman in the presence of his mother, who cried, "Jesus Christ for ever!"

He was banished and retired in July, 1525, to Metz; and there he was working at his trade when he heard that a solemn procession was to take place the next day in the environs of the town. In his blind zeal he went and broke down the images at the feet of which the Catholics were to have burned incense.

Being arrested on his return to the town, he, far from disavowing the deed, acknowledged it and gloried in it.

He was sentenced to a horrible punishment; his right hand was cut off, his nose was torn out, pincers were applied to his arms, his nipples were plucked out, his head was confined in two circlets of red-hot iron, and whilst he was still chanting in a loud voice this versicle from the CXV. psalm:

"Their idols are silver and gold,
The work of men's hands,"

his mutilated and bleeding body was thrown upon the blazing faggots.

He had a younger brother, Peter Leclerc, a simple wool-carder like himself, who remained at Meaux, devoted to the same faith and the same cause. "Great clerck," says a contemporary chronicler, playing upon his name, "who knew no language but that which he had learned from his nurse, but who, being thoroughly grounded in the holy writings, besides the integrity of his life, was chosen by the weavers and became the first minister of the gospel in France." An old man of Meaux, named Stephen Mangin, offered his house, situated near the market-place, for holding regular meetings. Forty or fifty of the faithful formed the nucleus of the little church which grew up. Peter Leclerc preached and administered the sacraments in Stephen Mangin's house so regularly that, twenty years after his brother John's martyrdom, the meetings, composed partly of believers who flocked in from the neighboring villages, were from three to four hundred in number.

One day when they had celebrated the Lord's Supper, the 8th of September, 1546, the house was surrounded, and nearly sixty persons, men, women, and children who allowed themselves to be arrested without making any resistance, were taken. They were all sent before the Parliament of Paris; fourteen of the men were sentenced to be burnt alive in the great market-place at Meaux, on the spot nearest to the house in which the crime of heresy had been committed; and their wives, together with their nearest relatives, were sentenced to be present at the execution, "the men bare-headed and the women ranged beside them individually, in such sort that they might be distinguished amongst the rest." The decree was strictly carried out. (Guizot's History of France, vol. III, p. 150.)

The Roman Catholics deny that they

are idolaters—deny it vehemently, bitterly, vociferously. They deny that they attach any peculiar reverence to the images themselves. Yet, because John Leclerc broke their wooden doll, they cut off the hand that did the deed, they tore out his nose, they pulled off the nipples of his breast, they put red-hot bands around his head, and then, while he, a believer in Christ was chanting a Psalm—all torn and bleeding, and quivering with unutterable torment—they flung him into the fire, to be burned as the old theology said the damned were burnt.

What *would* those Roman Catholics have done to John Leclerc, had they been idolaters, attaching peculiar sanctity to their images?

As to the Protestant worshippers, in Stephen Mangin's house, they had not even ventured to worship God in public. They were seeking to avoid offense by conducting their religious services *in a private house.*

Yet, the Roman Catholic court (the Parliament of Paris) condemned them to be burnt alive in the great market-place of Meaux.

For what crime? For heresy. What was the heresy? Worshipping God in their own way, instead of the Pope's way.

The Roman Catholic DeThou in his history of France, relates the following:

"Philip Gatine, a rich merchant of St. Denis street, Paris, having some years before been convicted of *lending his house to the Huguenots, to serve them as a church*, he was, by the Parliament of Paris, condemned to be hanged or burned on the 30th of July."

"His house was demolished, and in its place a pillar was erected in the form of a cross."

The decree of Parliament was engraved on an iron plate, and was preserved by the Catholics in the churchyard of the Innocents.

See Note to p. 76, Vol. 1, Sully's Memoirs.

(XI.)

Similar outrages occurred all over France. Nevertheless, the Reformation spread, gaining converts among all classes, high and low, rich and poor.

The Pope's monarchy shook to its very foundations. He called on Kings to make common cause with him. Privilege must support privilege. Absolutism in the State must defend absolutism in the Church. Otherwise, both would perish, and democracy would raise its head!

In Germany, in the Netherlands, in England, in Spain, in France, in Italy itself mighty forces made ready for a death grapple.

In France, the King said, * * * "I will forget the claims of flesh and * * * will denounce without mercy all those * * * partisans and favorers of heresy. * * *

If my sons who hear me were such wretches as to fall into such execrable and accursed opinions, I would be willing to give them up to make a sacrifice of them to God." (Guizot: vol. III, p. 169.)

This King was Francis I. and one of his many Christian performances was to league himself with the Turks and bring them into Europe to kill Christians.

Another of his Christian performances was to contract a most loathsome and incurable venereal disease, of which he died.

And while he *was* dying, one of those sons of his, standing with his leman in the antechamber, spoke filially of his expiring father, saying—

"The lady-killer is going."

The Huguenots asked nothing more

than tolerance. Let us worship God according to the dictates of *our* conscience—not according to *yours!* That was the plea of the French "heretics;" just *that*, and nothing more.

But the Pope and the King, supreme developments of Special Privilege and of Absolutism, would not consider a plea so preposterous. Results; massacres throughout France, and then a getting together of the Huguenots in self-defense, after which came civil war.

Battles were fought, towns beseiged, territories devastated, the kingdom reduced almost to anarchy. The great hereditary nobles took opposing sides; much irreligious envy, jealousy, ambition and personal malignity becoming factors in the contest.

The Guises led the Roman Catholics: Conde, Montmorency, Montgomery and D'Aubigne were leaders among the Protestants: the Queen Mother, Catherine de Medici, was really the brains of the King's party, which was compelled to play off one religious faction against the other.

The Queen Mother ruled France through her three sons—Francis, Charles, and Henry—who were each in turn the nominal king.

Francis having died early, was succeeded by his next brother, known to history as Charles IX. It was he who made the third peace with the Huguenots; he who guaranteed them a limited freedom of worship; he who pretended to lean on Coligny for fatherly advice; he who encouraged the marriage of his sister Margaret to Henry of Navarre, the Protestant prince; he who invited all the Huguenits chiefs to Paris to attend the wedding.

And it was he who gave orders for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, putting in charge of the work the Duke of Guise, *the son of the instigator of the cruel massacre of the unarmed Huguenot congregation*, that was worshipping *inside a barn*, at Vassy, on a calm, sunny Sabbath morning of March, 1562.

Says Guizot:

In such situations, there is scarcely any project the secret of which is so well kept that there does not get abroad some rumor to warn an observant mind; and when it is the fate of a religious or popular hero that is in question, there is never any want of devoted friends or servants about him, ready to take alarm for him.

When Coligny mounted his horse to go from Chatillon to Paris, a poor country-woman on his estates threw herself before him, sobbing, "Ah! Sir, ah! our good master, you are going to destruction; I shall never see you again if once you go to Paris; you will die there, you and all those who go with you."

At Paris, on the approach of the St. Bartholomew, the Admiral heard that some of the gentlemen were going away: "They treat you too well here," said one of them, Langoiran, to him; "better be saved with the fools than be lost for the sake of being thought over-wise."

The Admiral was beset by letters which reminded him of the queen-mother's crooked ways, and the detestable education of the King, trained to every sort of violence and horrible sin; his Bible is Macchiavelli; he has been prepared by the blood of beasts for the shedding of human blood; he has been persuaded that a prince is not bound to observe an edict extorted by his subjects.

To all of these warnings Coligny replied at one time by affirming the King's good faith and at another by saying, "*I would rather be dragged dead through the muck-heaps of Paris than go back to civil war.*"

This great soul had his seasons, not of doubts as to his faith or discourage-

ment as to his cause, but of profound sorrow at the atrocious or shameful spectacles and the public or private woes which had to be gone through.

In Matthieu's history, Vol. 1., book IV. p. 343, the names of the French noblemen who had warned Coligny of his danger, and urged him to leave Paris are given at length—together with his immortal, most heroic, and patriotic but lamentable reply:

"By doing so, I must show either fear or distrust. My honour would be injured by the one; by the other, the King.

I should again be obliged to have recourse to civil war; and I would rather die than see again the miseries I have seen, and suffer the distress I have already suffered."

On the 18th of August, he attended at the church of Notre Dame where, on a balcony erected for the purpose, Henry of Navarre was wedded to Margaret of Valois.

While the Catholics, afterwards, were attending service inside the church, Coligny, and the bridegroom, attended by Protestant friends, promenaded in the cloister and nave. The Marshal de Damville pointed out to the Admiral the flags hanging from the vaulted roof in the cathedral—flags taken by royal troops in the recent Civil Wars. Coligny said, "I hope they will soon have others better suited to this place."

Already he was dreaming of victories to be won by a re-united France over Spain.

South-east of Paris, about 100 miles, in the vast feudal castle of Chatillon which overlooked the little river Loing, Jacqueline Coligny, wife of the noblest of all Frenchmen, thought anxiously of her lord, and prayed earnestly for his safe return.

To her, waiting at the distant chateau, there came this letter; and it may have been in her hands, to read and read again, on the very morning Coligny was shot—Friday, August 23rd:

"My very dear and much beloved wife:

This day was performed the ceremony of marriage between the King's sister and the King of Navarre. The ensuing three or four days will be spent in amusements, banquets, masks and sham-fights. The King has assured me that, immediately afterwards, he will give me some days to hear the complaints, made in divers parts of the kingdom, touching the Edict of Pacification, which is violated there. It is with good reason that I attend to this matter as much as possible; for though I have a strong wish to see you, still you would be angry with me (as I think) if I were remiss in such an affair, and harm came of it from my neglect to do my duty. At any rate, this delay will not retard my departure from this place so long but that I shall have leave to quit it next week.

If I had regard to myself alone, I had much rather be with you than stay longer here, for reasons which I will tell you. But we ought to consider the public welfare as far more important than our private benefit. I have some other things to tell you as soon as I shall have the means to see you—which I desire day and night.

As for the news that I have to tell you, they are these: This day, at four in the afternoon, the bells were rung, when the mass of the bride was chanted. The King of Navarre walked about the while in an open place near the church, with some gentlemen of our religion who had accompanied him. There are other little particulars which I omit, intending to tell you them when I see you.

Whereupon I pray God, my most

dear and beloved wife, to have you in His holy keeping.

From Paris, this 18th day of August, 1572.

Three days back I was tormented with colic and pain in the loins. But this complaint lasted only eight or ten hours, thanks be to God, through whose goodness I am now delivered from those pains. Be assured on my part, that amidst these festivities and pastimes, I will not give offense to any one. Adieu, once more,

Your loving husband,
CHATILLON."

"When the mass of the bride was chanted, the King of Navarre walked about the while in an open place near the church.

There are other little particulars which I omit, intending to tell you them when I see you."

"When I see you!" Ah, how the wisest of men are mocked. Those other little particulars which "I omit, intending to tell you when I see you," are omitted forever.

The bride is in the church to hear the chanted mass: she will go thence her own wayward course, the witching, frail, beautiful, good-hearted Margot of a doomed line.

The bride-groom paces the open space near the church, with no shadow of fear on his frank soldierly features, no radiance of Ivry on his white plume, with the crown even now in the dreams, which Ravaillac and his dagger do not haunt.

And Coligny, walking with Navarre, glancing at the Civil War trophies, nobly determined to replace them with battle flags which all Frenchmen shall acclaim; Coligny, whom his young King has called "My Father," is dreaming like any good absentee-husband, of returning to his wife "next week," and of telling her of the brilliant wedding and the many "little particulars" which are too many and too trivial for a letter, but which will enliven the household budget of court news, when he comes home to Chatillon-sur-Loing.

The letter went, the wife waited.

When "next week" came, "good Coligny's hoary head, all dabbled with his blood," was severed from the trunk and the gory corse was being kicked like a foot-ball, along the frenzied streets of Paris!

In the train of the Queen of Navarre when she went upon her fatal visit to Paris, was young Maximilian de Bethune ,a personal attendant upon Prince Henry. The Queen having died suddenly, her son at once assumed the title of King—a fact to be remembered in following the narrative of the youth, de Bethune, who was afterwards so honorably and favorably known as the Duke of Sully, trusted minister of Henry the Great.

I quote from his *Memoirs*:

Intending on that day to wait upon the King, my master, I went to bed early on the preceding evening; about three in the morning I was awakened by the cries of people, and the alarm-bells, which were everywhere ringing.

M. de Saint Julian, my tutor, and my valet, who had also been roused by the noise, ran out of my apartments to learn the cause of it, but never returned, nor did I ever after hear what became of them.

Being thus left alone in my room, my landlord, who was a Protestant, urged me to accompany him to mass, in order to save his life, and his house from being pillaged; but I determined to endeavor to escape to the College de Bourgogne, and to effect this, I put on my scholar's gown, and taking a book under my arm, I set out.

In the streets I met three parties of the life-guards ;the first of these, after handling me very roughly, seized my

book, and, most fortunately for me, seeing it was a Roman Catholic prayer book, suffered me to proceed, and this served me as a passport with the two other parties.

As I went along I saw the houses broken open and plundered, and men, women, and children butchered, while a constant cry was kept up of, "*Kill! Kill! O, you Huguenots!*" This made me very impatient to gain the college, where, through God's assistance, I at length arrived, without suffering any other injury than a most dreadful fright.

The porter twice refused me entrance, but at last, by means of a few pieces of money, I prevailed on him to inform M. La Faye, the principal of the college and my particular friend, that I was at the gate, who, moved with pity, brought me in, though he was at a loss where to put me, on account of two priests who were in his room, and who said *it was determined to put all Huguenots to death, even the infants at the breast*, as was done in the Sicilian vespers.

(Memoirs of Sully: Vol. I., p. 87.)

The ringing of the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois was answered by the bells of all the churches, and by a discharge of firearms in different parts. Paris resounded with cries and howlings, which brought the defenceless people out of their dwellings, not only unarmed, but half naked. Some tried to gain Coligny's house in the hope of obtaining protection, but the companies of guards quickly dispatched them: the Louvre seemed to hold out a refuge, but they were driven away by men armed with spears and musketry. Escape was almost impossible; the numerous lights placed in the windows deprived them of the shelter which darkness would have afforded them; and patroles traversed the streets in all directions, killing every one they met. From the streets they proceeded to the houses; they broke open the doors, and spared neither age, sex, nor condition.

A white cross had been put in their hats to distinguish the Catholics; and some priests, holding a crucifix in one hand, and a sword in the other, preceeded the murderers, and encouraged them, in God's name, to spare neither relatives, nor friends.

When the daylight appeared, Paris exhibited a most appalling spectacle of slaughter; the headless bodies were falling from the windows; the gateways were blocked up with dead and dying; and the streets were filled with carcasses which were drawn on the pavement to the river.

(A History of the Huguenots, W. S. Browning, p. 87.)

Sir Walter Besant's "Coligny" is one of the standard biographies of great men; and in a chapter whose temperate tone is altogether admirable the author tells what happened, after the dastardly attempt on Coligny's life. The assassin, Maurevel, was a known ruffian who would kill for pay. He was then in the service of the Duke of Guise. He fired from a window which was reached from a Catholic church; he escaped through the house of Guise's preceptor; and he fled to safety on a horse from the King's stables.

I quote:

They carried the Admiral (Coligny) to his own house, which stood hard by, in the street called the Rue de Betizy, but afterwards the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Germain. His hotel remained untouched until the middle of the last century, at which time it was called the Hotel de Lisieux. They then still showed the Admiral's chamber; the house is now destroyed.

The King, hearing the news, threw down his racquet, crying, "Am I never

to have any peace?" and sent his own physician, Ambrose Paré, to attend to the wounds. Paré the most remarkable surgeon of the century, was the first who practised the tying up of arteries and the modern treatment of wounds. Before his time, all wounds were healed by pouring boiling oil over them. He was an avowed Huguenot, and owed his life at the massacre to the personal intervention of the King.

Paré found the wound comparatively slight. One finger of the right hand was broken, and there was a flesh wound in the left arm; it was a wound which, with care, would heal up in a few days. There was, however, the danger that the bullets, which were of copper, might have poisoned the arm. "My friends," cried the Admiral to his friends who stood round him in lamentations and tears. "Why do you weep for me? I hold myself happy to have received wounds for the cause of God."

In the afternoon, the King himself, accompanied by the Duke of Anjou and all his Court, called upon the wounded man. The accounts of the interview are somewhat uncertain. It is, however, tolerably clear that the Admiral conversed with the King in a low tone upon the Low Countries and the Edict of Pacification. Presently, Catherine requested to see the bullet. "You bear the pain," said Charles, "for the moment; but I bear a perpetual pain: par la mort Dieu, I will take such revenge that it will never be forgotten."

I have always been inclined to disbelieve that Charles, when he paid that visit, had actually resolved upon the massacre. Not only does the character of the King, his behavior immediately before the attempted assassination and immediately after it, refute that charge, but the balance of evidence—such evidence as exists—seems to me against it. On the other hand, there is everything to prove that the massacre of St. Bartholomew had already been resolved upon, and that Catherine, the Duke of Anjou, and Guise were the authors of the plot.

In any case it is not necessary for us here to inquire into the origin of the thing; this attempted assassination took the Court and everybody, except Guise, entirely by surprise. After the King's visit to the Admiral, a Council was hastily called together; the King, Catherine, Anjou, and Guise were there. Tavannes, who was also present, has described what passed. They saw nothing before them but more civil war. Already the Huguenots were mustering in the streets, loudly demanding justice, and making demonstrations before the hotels of Guise and d'Aumale; already they named the real murderer as Guise himself. More civil war; the country exhausted; the blood of thousands spilled; France longing for peace: how was that peace to be secured? To the mind of Catherine, one course only presented itself—the course recommended years before by Alva: let them murder all the chiefs. Charles—what can be said in adequate pity and loathing?—consented. Should they kill young Condé and Henry of Navarre? Tavannes dissuaded them. No doubt Catherine and Guise said that they could be murdered afterwards. Sufficient for the day would be the murder of Coligny, La Rochefoucauld, and all the rest of the Protestant chiefs in Paris.

While this Council was being held at the Louvre, another was held in the Admiral's hotel. Paré reassured the chiefs assembled as to the wound. Should they carry away the patient, and, all together, leave Paris? This course was debated, and relinquished only on the persuasion of Teligny, who vouched for the King's good faith. They decided to remain; they would trust once more in the word and honor of that Italian woman who had so

often betrayed them; who for thirteen years had ruled and troubled France. They were to expiate the folly of that trust with their lives.

Let us concede that Charles did not realize what was about to be done. The deaths of a few leaders seemed to him the extent of the murderous plot. Chateaubriand pleads for pity for the young King. What pity, save that which is accorded to the worst and most degraded of criminals—the pity that one man should have been in a position to work such evil—the pity that such a man had ever been born—the pity and the shame which spring out of the sense of common humanity? One thing alone can be said of him—he was not the worst. Catherine, his mother, was worse; the Duke of Anjou, his brother, was worse; the Duke of Guise was worse; Philip of Spain, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Pope of Rome—all these were worse, because they applauded in cold blood an act which was permitted in haste and rage and frenzy.

It was Guise who aranged the details, and reported on Saturday evening, that all was ready. Every good Catholic was to be known by a strip of white linen round his arm and a white cross in his hat.

The Captains of the quarters and the Swiss were waiting the signal.

The only sure way to secure the success of a conspiracy is to limit the possession of the secret to as few as possible. Probably none but the three chief conspirators knew, until the last moment, the whole meaning of the preparations. In spite of the secrecy observed, an uneasy feeling grew among the Huguenots. A few, alarmed at mere whispers in the air, suspicious without reason, retired from Paris. The Pope had been informed, perhaps by the Cardinal de Lorraine, that something signal was intended. Philip waited in eager expectation for news of treachery and ferocity.

On that Saturday night the King sat late in the Louvre. With him were his mother and his brother. He was pale, trembling, and agitated. She, cold, calm, and resolute, urged him to give the signal. It was already half-past one on Sunday morning. At that moment, the thought of his treachery mounted to his brain. He hesitated; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead. Then that woman, the tigress maddened him. She knew how to madden men as well as to corrupt and destroy them. She called him coward. Charles sprang from his chair—"Begin, then," he cried.

Then they waited for the signal to be given. The sound of a pistol was heard. Charles started, and would have sent word to Guise to precipitate nothing. His mother told him it was too late.

The great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois began to toll. It was after two o'clock in the morning.

And then the streets of the sleeping city, quiet in the warm air of an August night, became suddenly filled with armed men, crying, "For God and the King."

The leader of them all was the Duke of Guise. Followed by his uncle, the Duke d'Aumale, the Chevalier d'Angouleme, and 300 soldiers, he rushed to the Admiral's hotel.

They knocked at the outer gate, calling for admission in the King's name. It was opened. The man who stood to receive them was immediately murdered. The inner gate was forced open. The household was by this time roused.

They barricaded the passages—a feeble defense, which served for the servants to reach the upper part of the house. Coligny was awake. His minister, Merlin, was praying with him. A valet rushed into the room. "Sir," he cried, "the house is broken open, and there are no means of resistance." "I have long been prepared to die," ans-

wered the Admiral. "Save your lives, if you can: you cannot save mine. I commend my soul to the mercy of God."

Then, for a brief space, he was left alone, save for his German interpreter, who remained with him.

During the last moments of life, it is said, men can review, in a single flash of memory, every event of the preceding years, from the days when they tottered at their mother's knees, till this last, when the pain and passion of death are actually before them, and the wings of Azrael are beating on their ears. It seems to us, who know the actions but not the thoughts of the man, as if this retrospect would be to Coligny, full of joy and happiness, because, whatever the event, his own service had been well done. No doubt, in that solemn moment, there would cross over the spirit of this good and faithful servant the sense, inseparable from all human actions, of imperfection.

They found him—Guise's murderers—leaning against the wall, being weak and feeble after his wound, and unable to stand. The first who entered was one Besme, a servant of the Duke's. "Are you the Admiral?" he asked.

"I am," replied Coligny. Then looking in the face of his assassin, he said, calmly—"Young man, you ought to consider my age and my infirmity. But you will not make my life shorter"—meaning that he was already, by reason of his wounds, at the point of death.

Besme plunged his sword into his breast, and gave him a second blow upon the head. The other soldiers, who had crowded into the room, dispatched him with daggers.

"Besme! Besme!" cried the Duke of Guise from below, "is it done?"

"It is done, my lord," answered the servant.

To satisfy his master, he threw the body out of the window into the courtyard. The Duke of Guise, wiping the blood from the dead man's face with his handkerchief, looked upon the well-known features of his enemy. "I know him," he cried joyfully; "it is he." He kicked the dead body with his foot, and left it there, calling his companions to go on with the good work in the name of the King.

Sixteen years later, the corpse of this same Henry, Duke of Guise was lying before another murderer, Henry the Third, who, as Guise had treated the dead body of Coligny, so treated the dead body of Guise, with a brutal kick.

The rest of the story of Bartholomew may be told by others. Sufficient for us to note that the Pope rewarded the messenger who brought him the joyful tidings with a thousand pieces of gold, offered up solemn thanksgiving with the College of Cardinals, fired the cannon of Saint Angelo, and struck a medal in honor of the event. The Cardinal de Lorraine, who was in Rome at the time, celebrated the news by a great procession to the French church of Saint Louis, on whose gates he wrote an inscription in letters of gold, thanking God for hearing his prayers ,offered daily for twelve long years.

Philip the Second wrote to Catherine that this was the best news she could have sent him. In Germany, Switzerland, and England, the intelligence was received with amazement and horror which belied the powers of language.

But the Admiral was dead; and everywhere those who were the enemies of Protestantism and the enemies of France, rejoiced.

Prosper Merimee made a thorough study of all the authorities bearing upon the great Massacre; and his picture of it as given in his "Chronicles

of Charles IX," closely follows historic facts.

I quote from the masterly scene in the romance, where the Protestant lover, Bernard de Mergy, is in the chamber of his Catholic mistress, the Countess Dianne, on the night of St. Bartholomew: She paced the chamber with a troubled mien, and then went on:

"In less than an hour the seven heads of the dragon of heresy will be lopped off. The sword is sharpened, the faithful are ready, the infidels shall be swept from the face of the earth!" Then, stretching her finger to the clock in the corner of the room—"See"! she said, "you have still a quarter of an hour for repentance! When the hand reaches that figure your fate will be sealed!"

She was still speaking, when a dull sound like to that of a crowd hovering round a mighty fire began to make itself heard, at first indistinctly; but it seemed to grow quickly, and after a very few minutes the tolling of bells and the report of firearms were heard afar off.

"What hideous noise is this?" cried Mergy.

But the Countess had darted to the window and had opened it. Then the noise, hitherto muffled by the glass and the curtains, came in more clearly. Shrieks of pain and yells of joy seemed to be distinguishable in it. A crimson smoke rose to the sky, and appeared to hang over every part of the city as far as the eye could reach. It would have seemed a vast conflagration, if a smell of rosin, which could only have been produced by thousands of lighted torches, had not quickly filled the chamber. At the same time the flash of a musket which seemed to have been discharged in the street itself lit up for a moment the windows of an adjoining house.

"The massacre has begun!" cried the countess, putting her hands in horror to her head.

"What massacre? What do you mean?"

"Tonight all the Huguenots are to be slain by the King's orders. All Catholics are under arms, and not a heretic is to be spared. France and the Church are saved."

* * * * *

Daylight, so far from putting a stop to the massacre, seemed only to increase them and make them more business-like. Every Catholic, under penalty of being suspected of heresy, had to mount the white cross, and either take arms or denounce such Huguenots as were still living. The King, shutting himself up in his palace ,gave access to no one but the chiefs of the murderers; the populace, induced by hope of pillage, had joined the trained bands and the soldiers; while preachers in the churches exhorted the faithful to redoubled excesses of cruelty. "Let us," said they, "once for all crush the hydra's heads, and forever put an end to civil war!" And, in order to persuade the bloodthirsty and miracle-craving mob that heaven approved its rage and had encouraged it by striking prodigy. "Go," cried they, "to the Cemetery of the Innocents; go and see the hawthorn that has just blossomed a second time with a new and vigorous youth as having been watered with heretic blood!"

Numerous processions of armed murderers marched with all ceremony to worship the Holy Thorn, and left the cemetery with fresh zeal to discover and slay those whom heaven thus clearly sentenced. A saying of Catherine's was in every mouth, and was repeated by those who were butchering women and children. "Che pieta lor sel crudele, che crudelta lor ser pietoso."—"Today there is mercy in being cruel; there is cruelty in being merciful."

* * * * *

But the massacre had already begun; and the tumult, the throng of butchers

and the chains stretched across the streets, checked him at every step. He was obliged to pass by the Louvre, and there fanaticism showed its madness to the full. Many Protestants inhabited the quarter, which was now invaded by the Papist citizens and the soldiers of the Guards, sword and torch in hand. There, according to the striking expression of a contemporary writer "blood ran in all directions, seeking its way to the river," (1) and it was impossible to pass along the streets without risk of being crushed at every minute by corpses being flung out of the windows. By a devilish precaution ,most of the boats, which as a rule were moored along the Louvre front, had been taken across the stream; so that many fugitives who ran to the Seine bank, hoping there to take a boat and escape from their enemies blows, found no more choice but betwixt the water and the halberds of the soldiers who chased them. Meanwhile, at one of the palace windows, men saw, it is said, Charles IX., armed with a long arquebuss, and "potting like game," (2) the unfortune passers-by.

The captain, striding over dead bodies and splashing himself with their blood, made good his way, at the risk, every moment, of being sacrificed to some assassin's mistake. He had noticed that every soldier and armed citizen wore a white scarf on his arm, and a white cross in his hat.

1. D'Aubigne: Universal History.
2. Same.

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(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

GREGORY XIII, PONTIFEX MAXIMUS (POPE). (HIS) YEAR I.

MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS

"Democracy and the Currency Bill"

Redmond B. Gautier

I HAVE before me a copy of the Glass Banking and Currency Bill, H. R. 6554, and I note the following salient features of the bill:

1. The Federal Reserve Board, consisting of seven members, and made up of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture and the Comptroller of the Currency, together with four members, one of whom shall be a banker, experienced in the business, who are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and that the power of this board is almost unlimited.

2. The National Banks in each district are compelled to buy stock in the Federal Reserve Bank. It follows from this that the stock of the Federal Reserve Banks is owned primarily by the National Banks. The dividends on this stock are limited to five per cent.

3. Six of the Board of Directors of each Federal Reserve Bank are elected by the directors of the National Banks.

4. The bill proposes to prohibit the issuance of bank notes, and to take up the present outstanding bank notes within a period of twenty years.

5. The Federal Reserve Board issues Treasury notes within a limitation of nearly a billion dollars to the banks throughout the country on commercial paper furnished by the banks.

6. All banking associations, trust companies, etc., may become National Banks by complying with the National Bank Act, and buying stock in the Federal Reserve Bank as required by the bill.

7. The National Banks may loan on improved rural real estate.

Eliminating detail, the above constitutes the bill, and I am given to understand that it is Wilsonian and Democratic.

It violates the teaching of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, the practice of Andrew Jackson and a platform plank of the Democratic party which has been reiterated time and again.

It is my understanding that Mr. Jefferson opposed Mr. Hamilton in the First Congress of this country on the incorporation of a National Bank: that Mr. Madison, as a member of Congress, opposed the incorporation of a National Bank, not only on the ground that it was unconstitutional, but on the further ground that it violated Democratic principles. I know that General Jackson is charged with having put the National Banks out of business. If I am not mistaken the Democratic platform of 1840 denied that Congress had the power to charter banks, claiming that they were of a deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to republican institutions and to the liberties of the people, calculated to place the business of the country in the control of a concentrated money power, and above the law and the will of the people: that the platform of '44 and '48 held to the same doctrine: that the platform of '56 denounced National Banks; that its platform as late as '68 congratulated the country upon Polk's election, which defeated the declared purpose of the Whigs to create a National Bank, and that since 1896, when our party returned to the principles taught by Jefferson, we have been crying out against Wall Street and a concentrated money power even up to the nomination of Mr. Wilson.

Within the bounds of my influence I supported Mr. Wilson for nomination by the party, upon the belief that the Democrats, under his leadership would return to the old faith and the

old practice and build up in this nation "a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

After installation, Mr. Wilson was compared to Jefferson and Jackson, and I had the hope strong within me that he would prove of the faith of Jefferson and of the strength of Jackson, because I realized that it would take both faith and force to work out in this country anything like a genuine reform. Taking the likeness from the reflection in the bill, it seems to have failed, the hope of the people is dimmed, the prospect of the party in a large measure blighted, and the destiny of the country remains as uncertain as ever.

In a letter dated February 25th, 1913, to the Hon. A. P. Pujo, Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, written by J. P. Morgan and Company, it is said:

"We believe that with a scientific banking system firmly established many features in our present situation, perhaps deemed objectionable by you, will of themselves, disappear; and that this country will enjoy the experience of other countries, which, with nothing like the number of banking statutes in force as we have, are yet immeasurably freer than America from banking failures and from those periodic financial disturbances which bring misfortune to rich and poor alike, and except for which, these United States today undoubtedly would be in the enjoyment of a political and national prosperity far surpassing any that has been known in the world's history."

I never expected to agree with J. P. Morgan and Company in anything, but as to the above statement, I am in hearty accord. Mr. Morgan, however, failed to set out just what he considered a scientific banking system, and the chances are great that had he done so, I would have disagreed with him.

Apparently the bill suits the entire business interest of the country. By "business interest" I mean the distributing class, including all of the bankers, except possibly those of Wall Street, whose opposition is prompted by selfishness and arises from the fact that the bill tends to retard the flow of the nation's money to them, but this is a dispute among the privileged for a distribution of the privileges, and not a contest for equal rights to all.

But what has been the attitude of the Democratic party heretofore in the main?

Has it not for many years past charged that the Republican party was in league with Wall Street and the bankers: that in many instances the Secretary of the Treasury had favored them: that they backed the Republican party in its successful campaigns and participated in the profits accruing from success? I have heard it said that when Mr. Parker ran for President he made an effort to get the support of these same people and failed. It has been said, too, that even Mr. Bryan and Mr. Wilson, notwithstanding the Baltimore Convention, are not entirely free from having courted the affection of these people. Can it be denied that the money interest of the country is the most potent factor in our political life? If it cannot, then in this connection let us consider the organization of the Federal Reserve Board.

The membership of this Board is appointed by the President and it is given almost unlimited power. The Democrats have said that Mr. Taft was not a good president. Why? Because he favored the manufacturers, the railroads, the business interest, the bankers. Was it true, or were we libelling Mr. Taft to get into office? If true, would the board have been effective for relief of the people under Mr. Taft? Judging from what we said would he not have favored the banks

by his appointments? Will we never have another Mr. Taft? Who can say that another Republican will never be president? Who can say that a Progressive will prove better, or that a Democrat will be any great improvement. Did Mr. Cleveland favor the bankers? It has been said that he gave them two hundred and sixty-two million dollars worth of bonds. That when there was no war, no unusual conditions, no usual conditions under which bonds are issued, that he put the government in debt to the bankers to that extent. If he would do that would he not have served them in appointing the members of the Federal Reserve Board, had one existed at the time? Is it not dangerous to put such vast power in the hands of a few?

The very purpose of our entire system is to minimize political power in order to avoid the abuse of it. Is it not of equal importance to minimize financial power?

Was it not to limit and distribute power that a written Constitution was proposed? Is it not to effectuate this that the Democratic doctrine of a strict construction of the Constitution has existence? Is it not this that underlies the law, State and National, that divides governmental power into legislative executive and judicial? These principles lie at the foundation of our government—are they good? The mass of our people believe they are, and the Democratic party claimed it would represent this mass. Are they to be applied to the tariff and not to the question of money? Are they to be invoked in the cases of other governmental functions, but not to that of the regulation of finances? If not, why not?

The bill provides that the National Banks shall buy stock in the Federal Reserve Bank.

Unless I am utterly mistaken, the best evidence of a combination in restraint of trade—a trust—is the ownership by one corporation of stock in another. The Democratic Congress just adjourned, investigated a money trust, failing to find one of their satisfaction, they, apparently, proceed to create one that reaches the mark.

My lessons regarding the history and traditions of this country have led me to believe that the spirit of this nation was to leave to the individual the greatest amount of personal liberty consistent with the rights of others. I have been reading law for ten years, yet I do not remember to have seen a statute requiring a man or a set of men to buy stock that they may not want. Not only does the act compel the National Banks to buy this stock, but at the same time the government says they cannot receive more than 5 per cent on their investment.

What an astounding condition we have reached in finance! How far, indeed we have drifted from our old ideals that a law like this can be proposed by Congress without appalling the American public!

What has the government given to the banks that it can make of them such an unreasonable demand? I think I know. Is it not because it has turned over to them the privilege of handling and controlling the money of this country, the power of making millions of dollars out of the mass of the people, without producing anything whatever? And is it not because of this fact that this government has the audacity to say to this set of men—the National Bankers—you must buy this stock whether you want it or not, and after buying it you will not receive more than 5 per cent on your investment? The act does not compel State Banks to buy stock. Is it not because the government has not and could not give to State Banks the same privileges that it has given to National Banks?

For my part I believe in "a wise and frugal government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall

leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from labor the bread it has earned."

Six out of nine of the Board of Directors of each Federal Reserve Bank are elected by the National Banks. This needs no comment. Could the National Bankers ask for more than two-thirds of the directors?

The provisions of the bill which takes away from the National Banks the power to issue bank notes looks good if considered separately, but when taken with the entire bill it looks like a snare for the unwary. If a bank can get currency or treasury notes for the asking on commercial paper that pays from 5 to 10 per cent interest, why should it buy bonds that pay only from 2 to 4 per cent?

The provision of the bill which proposes to allow the National Banks to make loans on improved rural real estate appeals to me as absurd. Was this intended to impress the farmer with the government's solicitude for his welfare?

The ordinary banking business i. e., that part of it which has to do with loaning money requires paper that can be turned into money quickly—a liquid asset—I believe they call it. Men who are handling the money of other people, men engaged in the many forms of distribution can give this kind of paper. The farmer, using his own money, gathering his crops once a year, getting in his returns once a year, cannot. As a result the farmer cannot borrow as the bank can loan without facing bankruptcy, and the banker cannot loan as the farmer can borrow without impairing his credit and putting in jeopardy the rights of his depositors.

The provision of the bill which provides that State Banks and Trust Companies may become National Banks on compliance with the National Bank Act, and the purchase of stock in the Federal Reserve Bank will tend—if the act proves effective in the interest of the bankers, as it unquestionably will—to make all of our banks National Banks, and thus bring them under the control of one head, viz: the Federal Reserve Board. If this is to be desired then the bill in that respect is good. Nearly all bankers desire this. It suits them entirely. If it suits the bankers, does it suit the people? Are their interests one? If so, it is well. But I had thought that the Democratic party was against concentration, no matter where. Is the banker a producer? No. Does he enjoy special privileges conferred by law? Yes. Does he make money? Yes. Out of whom? The people directly and out of the government, which is the people, indirectly. Does the producer—the farmer, the laborer, the trucker, the fruit grower, in short, the agriculturist make money? Not much. Does he enjoy any special privileges under the law? No. Is this a proper condition? No. Then the interest of the two under the present system is not identical is it? No. Then is concentration desired? No.

The bill proposes to issue Treasury notes and give them to the banks. Why the Banks? Undoubtedly we need more money, but why give it to the banks? Do the banks need it? No. Who needs it? The people. Then why not issue it to the people? It is impracticable. Let us see.

Under the present system the money is made by the government directly, and in the case of National Bank notes indirectly. It is delivered to the banks and through them goes to the people—what does not cling to the banks in passing. Thus we get circulation, out through the people and back to the banks. The bank gets its toll going and coming. Nearly everybody who borrows, borrows from the bank. Nearly all business is done on short time paper. The banks in a large

measure fix the rate of interest. As I have shown before the agriculturist cannot borrow under this system. With him, procuring money for his operations is a mere chance. He borrows from the stray individual who has hoarded together a little cash and who is willing to take the risk. His must be a long time loan, at least a year. On this he pays the same rate of interest the banker charges on a thirty-day loan, and oftener, more. Thus he labors without encouragement, at a disadvantage, and gives up in despair.

Not only is the agriculturist in the rural districts, compelled to get his money from the government through the banks, and to pay the banks toll, but in many cases he must depend on the merchant to whom he must pay immense profits for the favors granted. In many cases the merchant loses and therefore, in order to preserve himself, he must compel the successful farmer to pay the debts of his unfortunate brother. Improved rural real estate is probably the greatest classified asset of this country, yet it lies on the shelves in the storehouse of the nation as practically dead stock.

Although his work is the basis of human existence, the product of which is food and clothing for the human race, yet the farmer is left in desolation, to work out his salvation with fear and trembling as best he can. God gave us the rich mine, the magnificent forest and the productive soil. The producer brings forth the mineral from out the mine, the timber is transformed into lumber, but from the productive soil, tended by the agriculturist, food and clothing are supplied, yet this man with his labor, forming as it does the basic strata in human existence, is discriminated against, abused, left in desolation by the law. The money system of this country is an ocean, the shore of which is seldom reached by the agriculturist. At best he can but dip his finger in the distant extremity of some estuary that flows into the sea.

As a result he goes to the seashore. He abandons the rural district, the farm, the orchard, the grove and moves into the village, the town, the city. He becomes a hackman, a drayman, a railroad man, a mill hand, a factory employee at starvation wages, possibly a criminal without hope, or a pauper and a burden on the community. He may become a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a successful business man and a respected member of society. In any event he has quit the field of distribution. Thus the village is crowded, the town is crowded, the cities are filled to overflowing with men—fighting, struggling, cursing, in poverty, in rags, in desperation, starving, crying, dying, wrecked—yet clinging to the sea-shore, broken to pieces in sight of the ocean of money, destroyed with the sound of her waves in their ears.

The picture may be horrible, but it is not overdrawn. Words cannot picture the truth as it is. For years we have seen the system at work.

Will the present bill alter the system, or change the conditions? Will not the banks still get the money and issue it to the merchant, and the merchant in turn run the farmer as he has heretofore? Will not the toll remain the same? Will the interest rate be lowered? Will not the banks remain the depository of the Government? Will not the paper on which Treasury notes are issued still be the paper of the banks, notwithstanding it is furnished by the people? The only difference will be that in the great commercial centers, the magnates can take their bloated bonds and watered stock and procure Treasury notes on them. With this practice in vogue they can work the system more effectively than ever before. The man with a rated credit may be helped a little. The mass of the people have no rated

credit: their condition will not be improved.

This is an agricultural country. Manufacturers have been built up by a Republican doctrine and a Republican practice, viz: a protective tariff on the one hand, and pauper labor on the other, the result of which has been for the few a money aristocracy, and for the many a miserable, pitiable serfdom.

Time was, in this country, when millionaires and hungry men were unknown. Even when we were boys, and just after the War Gods had trampeled the South into myraids of dust, the millionaire was a curiosity and the hungry man a rarity. Today the poor are everywhere. Millions of men, women and little children are toiling for long hours through the day and into the night, yet living, with only a loaf of bread between them and starvation: young women are daily selling their chastity for bread: motherhood sits in desolation weeping for her children, while the billionaire, robed in purple, sits in the tower of his castle, viewing with complaisancy the havoc of his hands. How did he get his robe, his castle, his billion? Out of an unjust set of laws: under a commercial practice that allows him to rob the common herd by fraudulent paper—the kind upon which, under the provisions of the Glass Currency Bill, treasury notes will be issued to the banks.

In this connection let me remind you of a doctrine of Mr. Jefferson's, viz: the encouragement of agriculture and of commerce at its handmaid, only as its handmaid, mind you. But you say, "We do encourage agriculture. We send the farmers seed." "We encourage commerce. We send the banks money." Yes? How outrageous. The banker and the farmer wish to make money. You send to the bank money with which to make money, but to the farmer you send seed with which to make money. The banker is rich, the farmer has failed. Is not the making of seed the business of the farmer? The creation of money is the business of the government. The making of money is the business of all of us, and to make conditions such that all of us can do this is the work of statesmen. I always thought it took money to make money. If this system of the government's of sending money to the banker and seed to the farmer were a good one, I would suggest that you send wool to the stock raisers, ore to the miners, rags to the manufacturers, kindling wood to the saw mill men, tracts to the churches, editorials to the newspapers, pink paint to the artists and fiddle dust to the musicians, but since it is a tragic failure, I suggest that the government hereafter send money to the farmers and seed to the bankers.

If Congress wanted to be just to the people; if Democrats wished to be Democratic; if legislators would attain statesmanship, the National Bank Act would be repealed in toto. The government would establish a complete banking system of its own, run by its own agents: a banking system that would receive deposits and keep checking accounts, loan money directly to the people on improved real estate and on staple crops at a low rate of interest, that would loan money on State, county, district and municipal bonds for public improvement. It could include the postal saving system and would necessarily involve the rural credit scheme. Such a system was approved by Jefferson, proposed at one time by Jackson and endorsed by Calhoun. It was a part of the money reform program of the old greenbackers and of the Populists. For my part, I believe it Democratic and sound.

Instead of making a great basin into which the money of the country is poured I would adopt the farmers

plan of sub-irrigation. Instead of putting it into a ditch and letting it seep down I would put it into underground conduits and force the moisture to the surface. Thus the economic tree would flourish. Thus agriculture would be encouraged and commerce be its handmaid. Production would be increased and commerce developed. Interest rates would be decreased and confidence restored.

Such a system should not handle purely commercial paper, at least until the experimental stage has been passed.

Private banks, Trust Companies, &c., should be left to the control of the several States, then we would have one system checking and yet stimulating the other.

Money applied directly to the most important producing class would flow out into other fields of production, into the channels of distribution, back to the banks, back to the government.

After all, the wisdom of the State is about equal to the wisdom of the Nation, and if in running their banks the States should make mistakes, only that particular territory would be affected rather than the whole country. But why should the States be foolish? They have had experience. Is it not true that the trouble has always been the rascality of the individual banker, rather than fault in the law? Under this system the State banking institution will be compelled in a large measure to compete with the government. Would it not put at a premium among bankers, honesty, integrity, and sound judgment, and make the name of banker one of honor and respect instead of odium, as is now, too often the case, not so much because of the men, but because of the system? As the parcels post will not destroy the express companies, but on the contrary tend to make their service better, so a system of government banks will not destroy private banking associations, but will tend to make their service better. But if the parcel post gives us a better system and at the same time destroys the express companies, what of it? Do not they represent only a small part of our people? And if government banks give us a better system and incidentally eliminates the private banker, what of it? Is he not also a small part of our population? The greatest good to the greatest number is democracy. A government is not truly great in proportion to its population, or to its sum total of wealth, but in proportion to the wealth, independence, culture, character and sterling manhood of its individual citizens.

But as long as the private banker is given the field in which commercial paper is found, he will not be destroyed, but on the contrary, allowing for the increased prosperity that would follow, I do not believe it would affect injuriously his business in the least. It would probably tend to check to some degree stock gambling. We claim to want that. It might check in a measure wildcat speculation. We claim to want that. It may slightly check, for a time, some private schemes of development, but while the development might halt for a time in its pace, it would become more natural, sane and harmonious—more sure of its destination, while on the other hand the general prosperity would be increased and internal development stimulated. We claim to want this.

Again I would put the entire credit of this nation back of every government bank, so that the bank could not sink unless the Nation was submerged.

I hear "the penny wise and pound foolish" say, "it cannot be done." I hear the plute and reactionary cry, "He is crazy, put him out!" I hear the specially privileged shout, "He is a fool," Getting his cue, the dupe of these people write it down, "He is an uneducated, lazy, unsuccessful farmer, one of those so-called producers that he talks about so much." Then they

laugh at themselves, amused that the "wise critters" should have been frustrated, "He is only a 'Florida Cracker,' he has no influence." Hold! Gentle critics, I agree with you in some things, but in others you are wrong.

I may be a fool, I may be crazy, I am not interested in your opinion as to that. I am not over-educated, but what little I have I procured by hard work. None of the protected interests gave it to me, no bank furnished the money to foot the bills. I hold a small public office but the "plutes" didn't elect me to it. I have never been charged before with being lazy or unsuccessful. It may be true, but I am not a farmer, I am not a producer. I am one of you, my friends. I can eat, drink and be merry every day, but I live off of what others produce—like you do, my companions. I am a "Florida Cracker," and certain it is that I haven't the influence that I intend to have, but nevertheless, this government bank can be made a success, and it wouldn't hurt us very much. We would still eat drink and be merry off what the other fellows produced.

This government has a system of supervision over all of the National Banks of this country. These examiners pass on, approve or condemn all of the paper held by these banks, and report their findings to the Comptroller of the Currency, and he can close the bank and put its affairs in the hands of a receiver. If the government can supervise, can it not run? Has the supervised more brain than the supervisor? Has the foreman less sense than the laborer? Has the gang more intelligence than the boss? Some times, but not often, or he would not be the boss, the foreman or the supervisor. Such a bank could not fail unless the government failed. That being true, would anybody be afraid to deposit with it? No. Could not public funds and private trust funds be put there with absolute safety? Yes. If you did a cash mercantile business and didn't have to depend on the credit extended to you by a private bank or a National Bank, wouldn't you as soon place your money with the government? Yes. Couldn't such an institution take care of all of the saving accounts in this country with safety to the depositor? Most certainly it could. Would the sum total of this be much money? A large quantity indeed. Would there be any surplus to justify the government in handling the funds? An immense amount. Could you have a panic? By no means.

Such a system would decrease taxation, give confidence and inspiration to the people, stimulate industry everywhere, invoke respect for law, create a new and unselfish patriotism, bring wealth to the government, and send that nation on a mission of justice to the abandoned world. It would make less the paupers and the billionaires. It would tend to empty the vermin covered city tenement and the slave-pen factory shack. It would brighten the eye of the hope-robbed boy, suffuse the cheek of the blighted girl, brace the form of the haggard man, and brush tears from the cheek of the weeping mother.

Why Is It That No Record Has Ever Existed of the Pretended Early Popes?

(A Continuation of The History of the Papacy and the Popes)

DENIS, the twenty-sixth Bishop, or Pope, appears to have been a Greek and a charitable, estimable man. He died Dec. 26, 269.

Felix, a Roman, succeeded to the bishopric, on the last day of the year 269, and after having held the office five years, died, Dec., 274.

He was followed by Eutychianus, a Tuscan, whose uneventful pontificate ended with his life, in December, 283.

Next came Caius who held the office twelve years.

As the third century drew to its close, the Christian church was almost submerged by the influx of pagans, who came into it without being born again, clinging to their idolatrous ideas and customs. The Emperor Diocletian had been so tolerant that he welcomed renowned Christians to his personal friendship, appointed them to high offices, even setting them over imperial provinces as governors. The utmost freedom of worship was allowed them, and "they were to be found at the courts of princes. * * * The bishops were honored and cherished by the people and by those in authority. Multitudes of pagans came daily to make profession of faith; churches were erected in every city and the temples were not large enough to contain the faithful."

When the pagans came daily in multitudes, it can easily be conceived that they did not cease to be what they had been, before they came.

Therefore we are not surprised to read that the church sunk in its spiritual estate, and lost the fervor, the purity and the simplicity which had distinguished it from the beginning. Learned Catholics, like Platinus, date the degeneracy of the church from this era; and they roundly declare that since the close of the third century, the priests have *always* shown themselves, as a class, avaricious, haughty, vindictive, immoral and hypocritical.

Marcellinus was the Roman bishop, or pope, at this time; and, under the stress of the persecution which broke out toward the end of Diocletian's reign, *he renounced Christ*, and offered incense to idols in the temples of Isis and Vesta. This infallible pope died, Oct., 204, and for three years the office of God-on-earth was vacant.

A very curious story is that of Marcellus the first, the next bishop on the Roman calendar. The Emperor Maxentius having condemned him to act as hostler at a station on the post-road, the bishop discharged the duties of that office for nine months—grooming the horses, feeding and watering them, cleaning their feet, and so forth.

But the indignant priests stole Marcellus away from the stables, lodged him in the house of the Roman lady, Lucilla, and defied the Emperor to come and take their bishop out of their tender care and keeping.

The brutal Emperor sent troops to disperse the priests, and they prudently dispersed. Lucilla's house was converted into a stable, and the bishop went to currying horses again. The labor was too severe for Marcellus, and he relieved what must have been a strained situation by departing this life. (310.)

He had not been God-on-earth more than two years.

Eusebius is next in order, the thirty-second bishop; and, being banished to

Sicily by Maxentius, the Emperor, he died there, before *he* had been God quite a year.

It was at this time that Helena, the mother of Constantine, found the wooden cross upon which Christ had suffered. It had been buried in the earth for three hundred years, but was in a most excellent—indeed, miraculous—state of preservation. In fact, it was a miracle that Helena found it at all—just as it is by a miracle that we now possess, at Rome—after 1900 years—some of the wearing apparel of Jesus and Mary.

That which makes the finding of the True Cross by Helena all the more miraculous, is, that it was also discovered by "a most holy abbot" who came to King Richard, the Lion-hearted, in the year 1192, and revealed to the monarch the place where he, the abbot, had been keeping a piece of the Cross hidden away.

Saladin, the infidel Sultan, knew that the abbot possessed the Holy Cross, and had often and sharply questioned the said abbot concerning the whereabouts of the sacred treasure.

But according to the proud statement which the abbot made to the Christian Crusader, the infidel had been easily deceived, hoodwinked and brought to mere nothing by the consecrated lies of this most holy abbot.

You hardly need to be told, as the monkish chronicler does tell you, that the very features of this abbot "proclaimed his sanctity; and therefore when you read further and find that the said abbot had a flowing white beard which was very dirty, and white hair which was almost as full of orthodox dirt as his beard, you can see that it would have been most impious in King Richard had he for a moment doubted the story of this most holy and unwashed monk. Of course, it never occurred to the King that a man who boasted of the manner in which he had lied to Saladin, might afterwards chuckle at the credulity of the Crusader.

King Richard, feeling sure that he would find the Relic, "set forth with a large host at once to the place of which the abbot spoke; and thence brought back the Holy Cross with due deference and delight to the army quarters, where the people eagerly kissed it with the utmost devotion and pious tears."

This was on the Eve of the festival of St. John the Baptist, Monday, June 22, 1192—a most appropriate day for the finding of the Cross, nearly 900 years after Constantine's mother had found it. Helena supposed that she carried the sacred relic to Europe, but she was mistaken. Although every principal church of the West exhibited pieces of it, "a most holy abbot whose very features proclaimed his sanctity," was keeping it hidden away in Syria, until such time as he could reveal it to the lion-hearted crusader, Richard Plantagenet.

(This curious account of the pretended Holy Cross is taken from the historian of the Third Crusade—Richard de Templo—who claims to have been "an eye witness to the things he narrates, and that he wrote them while they were still warm in his memory."

Dr. Stubbs in 1864, made a minute examination of all the evidence, and came to the conclusion that Richard, the historian of the Third Crusade, was canon of the Holy Trinity church in London. He died about 1250.)

See the Crusade of Richard I., by T. A. Archer, B. A., p. 258.

Says De Cormenin:

"The acts of the martyrs during the 4th century are filled with miraculous legends. * * * There is always a Christian resisting the most frightful punishments, and finishing by being beheaded or thrown to wild beasts. Then the pagans always wish to annihilate the body, and the faithful,

always, through the intervention of God, carry it off, unharmed by fire, or water, in order to make relics of it."

Melchiades, the thirty-third Roman bishop, was born in Africa. It is said that it was he who wrote to Constantine "to come and combat Maxentius." As Constantine was already on his march to Rome, intent upon that very thing, the letter was probably thought of long afterwards.

Constantine and Licinius, the two pagan emperors, published an edict proclaiming religious liberty to all: "Because religion should be free, and each one should be left to worship as he sees fit."

Maxentius was defeated at the Milvian bridge and lost his life in the Tiber, so that Constantine entered Rome in triumph.

In the year 314, Sylvester, a Roman, came into the bishopric, the church being then in a state of vast power and grandeur.

Let us pause here to note, that by the tenth canon of the council of Ancyra the right of priest to marry *is regulated.*

To regulate is, of course, to recognize and legalize.

The Arian heresy arose. Arius taught that God, the Father, must be older than His son; that a son could not have existed until he was begotten and born; and that, therefore, he was not co-eternal with the Father, but was a person in the Trinity by participation.

Rivers of blood were shed before this heresy could be stamped out.

The Council of Nice deliberated upon the question of the bachelorhood of priests, but took no action, leaving the matter where it was before.

This council granted the bishop of Alexandria the same privileges which were enjoyed by the Roman prelate; and the Council of the whole church claimed jurisdiction, supreme, over all the bishops.

The Roman prelate was not consulted at all concerning the articles of faith which troubled the churches of the East and caused rancorous disorders among the faithful.

Sylvester himself is not a distinct figure; his personage and his acts have not escaped oblivion. The Christian church and its general councils loom large, pretentious, upon the background of Constantine's imperial policy; but *the bishop of Rome is not anywhere to be seen*, as a separate, distinct, potential factor in affairs. He is one bishop of one church, among many bishops of many churches: *and that is all.*

To find anything *else*, we must leave authentic history, and resort to fable.

Sylvester is said to have died on the last day of the year 335.

Mark, the 33rd bishop, is said to have lasted less than a year, after he became God-on-earth. Nobody knows what sort of person he was, nor what he accomplished.

After Mark came Julius the First, who was elected after the office had remained vacant for some months.

Julius the First, who was elected after another vacancy, nearly suffered shipwreck in the furious storm which raged between the Arians and the followers of Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria.

Eusebius, the patriarch, summoned and presided over a general council which met at Antioch. No bishops from Italy or the West presented themselves in the name of Julius, although he sent the two deacons, Elpidius and Philoxenes. The council condemned the Roman bishop for "his pretensions to re-establish in their sees the bishops deposed by the councils."

In his turn Julius called a council, which declared in favor of Athanasius, and excommunicated eight of the Arian leaders.

Thus council arrayed itself against council: bishop denounced bishop, and "saints" spoke vilely of one another.

"The church was then in frightful disorder." Julius was "deposed" by the Arian faction; and the churches of the East and West, for some years, were divided in the fiercest antagonism.

Julius died in 352, and was succeeded after a vacancy of indefinite length, by Liberius, who proved to be a most vacillating exemplar of papal infallibility.

The war of the Eastern bishops against Athanasius raged so violently that his enemies appealed to the bishop of Rome. Only too glad to hear the case, Liberius commanded Athanasius to appear. The Alexandrian prelate refused to obey; and Liberius, condemning him, "launched against him the most terrible curses."

The bishops of Egypt held a synod, pronounced the doctrines of Athanasius to be orthodox, and hurled back upon Liberius the excommunication which he had flung at Athanasius.

The Roman bishop humbled himself, abandoned his intolerant course, and wrote to the Alexandrian bishop a letter "full of friendship and respect."

(After having excommunicated and anathematised him! Here indeed, was a sad jolt for infallibility.)

Liberius assembled his Western bishops, and it was found that a majority of them favored Athanasius. This assembly declared that it was against the law of God to sanction the views of the Oriental bishops, whose views had so recently been approved by Liberius!

The Western bishops advised the Roman prelate to beseech the Emperor to assemble a council at Aquileia, "to put an end to these differences."

The Emperor accordingly convoked the new council of Arles, which he attended in person.

Liberius proposed, through his deputies, Vincent and Marcel, that if the other bishops would condemn Arius, *he would condemn Athanasius.*

This unprincipled offer having been rejected, Liberius, in despair, sought the advice of the bishops of Cagliari, a most virtuous Christian who bore the outrageous name of Lucifer.

This unfortunately named Christian conferred with two other priests, and the trio decided to call upon the Emperor Constantius for a general council of all the churches.

Accordingly the council of Milan was held, and Athanasius condemned. The Emperor, who was an Arian, approved the verdict.

But Liberius refused to abide by the action of the council. The Emperor, therefore, had him arrested and sent away to Berea, in Thrace.

The Arians then elected Felix in the place of Liberius, and he held the *de facto* office of God-on-earth for two years.

After that lapse of time, the Emperor paid a visit to Rome; and the pious ladies of the Eternal Town pleaded with him so sweetly and tearfully for the return of Liberius, that Constantius consented for him to come back, provided he would surrender the views that had caused him to be sent away.

The infallible Liberius, weary of exile, made a complete surrender; and Athanasius—not then a Saint—was honored by a second excommunication.

The pusillanimous Vicar of Christ not only cursed Athanasius, but published a letter in which he accepted "the entire heretical formula of the Arians."

The Black Master of Ante-Bellum Days

One of the Rarely-Told Tales of Southern History

Van Wilhite

IT IS a fact that negroes owned slaves in the South before the Civil War, but few people seem to know it. Not only the abolitionists seem never to have heard of this fact, but Southern people today know very little upon the subject.

Negro slaveholders were just about as common throughout the South as many of the conditions we read about in abolitionist literature, and in some instances more so. It is now a rare occasion to find even a Confederate Veteran who has personal knowledge of the fact, but the official records of Charleston, Baltimore, New Orleans, and many other Southern cities tell their own stories, and from these we learn that wealthy free negroes bought and sold members of their own race just as did the Southern white planter; negroes, once slaves and freed by their white masters, became slave-owners, themselves, and to judge from all that is known on the subject, we may assume that the only thing that prevented the great majority of colored people from buying and trading in one another, was, in addition to the law in some States, their lack of means.

One of the very best books dealing with slavery from the Southerner's point of view is that witten by Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Georgia. In this book the author says that some States had found it necessary to "restrain" by law the ownership of slaves by free negroes. While this is the only remark in the book mentioned in regard to this peculiar phase of Southern life, we may infer from it what had been happening.

Booker Washington, in his "Story of the Negro," devotes a few paragraphs to this subject. He says:

"There were a number of other slaves held in trust by the colored people of Charleston. The wealthiest family in Charleston among the free colored people were the Westons. They had among the various members of the family taxable property to the amount of $80,000. They also owned thirty-six slaves, nine of whom they held as trustees. It is said that the number of slaves held by St. Phillip's Church, which was the aristocratic church of the city, amounted to something over one hundred. These consisted for the most part of slaves who had actually bought their freedom and whom the church held in trust."

Nothing is said as to how the other "part" was held, except that they were plain slaves of a negro church. Booker often has occasion to refer to this method of "holding in trust," as if in partial alleviation for an unpleasant fact. Yet it does not appear that even the negro race should thus seek to excuse itself for traffic in its members. In the black man's fatherland slavery was not the worst thing that prevailed; in the South it was everywhere, and it was only natural that individual negroes should aspire to the social prestige of living in a "Big House" and lording it over scores of slaves—even their own kind—as the records show.

And in view of what the Bible says of slavery, and the customary interpretations which were put upon its contentions, we should not be surprised that even a church, either white or black, should hold a hundred slaves.

Excepting musty court house records, the sources of information pertaining to this subject are strangely rare. There is absolutely no book which goes thoroughly into the matter and only one magazine article that the present writer can find treats of it.

Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson (North American Review, Oct. 1905), states that the Librarian of Congress could only refer him to one volume which even mentions the subject. The histories, generally, ignore it, while some of them merely hint at it and pass on.

About two years ago the following article was published by the Atlanta Constitution:

"Were free negroes owners of slaves in ante-bellum days? Yes. I have positive knowledge of the fact, for the reason that a negro by the name of Robin Perry lived just four miles from one of my father's plantations, in what was then called St. John's Berkeley parish, Charleston District, now Charleston County, in South Carolina. Perry was a large, rather corpulent but otherwise fine-looking black negro. He dressed well and wore side-whiskers, his chin being clean-shaven. He was a member of the parish church of which my father, though a planter, was pastor.

"Perry was self-respecting, and was trusted by all his neighbors. Thus he accumulated money, and before the close of the war he was the owner of eight slaves, of both sexes. I never heard of his having had trouble with them. I was a small boy then but he and I were very friendly.

"South Carolinians may remember the famous Dean Hall plantation on Cooper river, 25 miles from Charleston; it was owned by General Carson, of Revolutionary fame. Perry's farm was two miles from Dean Hall plantation and adjoined lands owned by the estate of General Moultrie, the gallant defender of Sharleston.

(Signed.) "J. Colton Lynes."

Mr. Lynes is a resident of Atlanta.

Another clipping was first published in the Charleston News and Courier. It says that the list of tax payers of the City of Charleston for the year 1860 gives the names of 132 colored people who owned and paid taxes on 390 slaves. The tax was three dollars per capita. Three hundred and sixty-one negroes in 1861 paid tax on real estate valued at $759,970. One Bob Parker, a free negro, is mentioned as living at Columbus, Ga., and owning slaves, with the aid of whom he ran a line of drays.

In this same article we are told that one Dilsey Pope owned her husband. She hired him out and "bossed him around" generally, and finally when he became so very unruly she "got rid of him by selling him to Col. Seaborn Jones." At least a speedy solution of the divorce question.

Betsy Fuller, a free black of Princess Anne County, Virginia, also owned her husband. Let us quote the following passage taken by Mr. Wilson from Vol. 4, page 177 of The Antiquary, published in Norfolk:

"He was an ardent secessionist, and was in full sympathy with the firing on Ft. Sumter. After Norfolk was evacuated and was occupied by the Federal forces, he was loud in his expression of Southern views, and was at one time in the chaingang with an iron ball attached to one of his feet, because of expressions obnoxious to the military."

Booker Washington tells about a "nearly full-blooded negro—a very dark man," who lived in Louisiana, owning probably 150 slaves.

As to North Carolina, Prof. Bassett, of the Chair of History and Political Science at Trinity College, is authority for the statement that many of the free negroes were in circumstances of independent thrift, and from many parts of the State he had evidence that some negroes were slaveholders. In Newbern, N. C., especially there were a number of such thrifty colored men.

Some of the wealthy, and many of

the less prominent black masters, had formerly been slaves, having obtained their freedom either by purchase or by voluntary manumission on the part of their white masters.

There are few facts at hand from which one could draw a safe opinion as to how well or how badly black masters treated their slaves. A few statements are to the effect that they were as a rule hard taskmasters, and on the other hand certain instances are mentioned which show a reasonable degree of fair treatment. Booker indirectly quotes Prof. Bassett's book, "Slavery in the State of North Carolina," telling of the struggle upward of a certain mulatto, John C. Stanley, who was born of an African-reared slave woman before the Revolutionary War; who, having been freed, "soon began to acquire negro slaves and land till at length he had sixty-four slaves and as many more bound free negroes working his several plantations;" but for reasons better known to himself Booker fails to quote from the same authority the following sentence:

"He (Stanley) was popular, too, with both slave and free negroes, generally, notwithstanding he was a hard taskmaster. Yes, he worked all well, and fed and clothed indifferently."

In the article mentioned as appearing in the North American Review, Draper Thomson is described as a black Virginia master who did not allow his slaves to asociate with members of his family, but made them eat and sleep in separate houses, and whenever they had occasion to enter the "Big House," they were required to doff their hats and carry it under their arms until they had retired.

And this from the same authority:

"Phillip Roberts, a respectable colored man of Glendale, Ohio, who was a slave in Kentucky, told me that he knew Old Free Isaac, in Trimble County, Kentucky, who owned several negroes; he said this same negro sold his own son and daughter South, one for $1,000 and the other for $1,200."

From mere honest conviction, some colored slave owners may have manumitted their slaves; still others may have feared to manumit, lest the slaves thus freed should, under the law, be sent out of the State. The law in some and perhaps all of the Southern States demanded that slaves upon being freed should be sent out of the State upon a penalty of being resold or hired out until a certain stipulated fine was paid, while other Southern States, as well as certain Northern States, denied free negroes the privilege of entering within their boundaries.

This seems an unjust law, but, practically, it affected chiefly the worst class of negroes, because there were legal provisions, as in Maryland especially, by which manumitted slaves might, for good character in the discretion of a court, remain within the State. Though prompted by his conscience, a black master would therefore hesitate to free those of his bondsmen whom he knew to have little chance of remaining in the State should they be freed, and so it was that many negroes who in the opinion of the white people were insolent, lazy or unfaithful, prolonged their own enslavement by their misconduct.

Judging human nature as it is; considering conditions in the negro's original home, and remembering those that encircled him in the South, we may assume that throughout the entire Southern States, wherever the law and the means permitted, black masters, in the same manner as the white, bought and sold their own flesh and blood.

The Fruits of Four Hundred Years of Catholic Rule in Porto Rico

Richard Menefee

"BY their fruits ye shall know them." Should the value of a religion to humanity be based upon its fruits—the results of its influence over the moral and intellectual standards of a people who almost without exception profess and live it? We cannot judge, or arrive at a true estimate of its value in any other way. There should be no argument on this point. A high-sounding creed, catechisms, chants in a dead language, incense, images, altars, prayer books filled with flowery appeals to Diety and the saints, attendance at mass (or other services), observance of fast days, obtaining of indulgences, counting of beads, wearing of the crucifix, rosaries, amulets, charms, and other "holy" junk, or other so-called "beauties" of a religion, are not that upon which we base an estimate of its value to its adherents. All the above so-called "beauties" may look good, and even at times cause sensations of awe and reverence, but the final question is: How much higher are the moral and intellectual standards of the people as a result of their religion? Does it help to abolish poverty, crime, and disease, and make life worth living here and now? Take for example the people of any given race, state, or community. If the average of their intelligence and morality is high and keeping pace with the most advanced in this respect, we know from this result that some strong civilizing influence is and has been at work. We know that their ideals are high and noble, and that this influence is working toward their attainment. What is this influence? Even before we know just what it is we pronounce it good, from its fruits we observe it has manifested its influence toward the attainment of beneficent results. The cause of this upward trend of civilization then, will probably be one, or a combination of more than one of three great influences namely: Natural racial proclivities, their form of government, or their religion. If the people, then we exclaim: "What a splendid race of people!" If their government, then we acknowledge an excellent system of Government and take off our hats to honest, intelligent and really patriotic officials; if their religion, it is hardly necessary to ask: What is its Faith? What it its Creed? What do they believe with regard to this and that? For this religion probably does more than it "believes," as we see and know her fruits to be good. But not so with Roman Catholicism in Porto Rico!

How then, must we judge this religion which has had absolute authority, even over State, after nearly four hundred years of undisputed control, on an island separated from the main land, its people from other peoples, and their civilization from other civilizations, and with no other interference from other religions? The Religion of the Holy Catholic Church! The Island of Porto Rico. Where can we find a better exemplification of the influence of a religion on the civilization of a people. If we must judge Roman Catholicism by her fruits, conditions in Porto Rico then should spell her condemnation, for we find results just the opposite of what is supposed to result from the teachings of a holy religion. What was the state of civilization in Porto Rico at the time of American occupation in 1898? What were the intellectual and moral standards of its people? Read statistics!

Ask any man who was in Porto Rico at or before that time. Or better still, come to Porto Rico and see for yourself, even at this date, for the intellectual and moral desolation wrought in those 400 years cannot be righted in so short a period as 15 years. Intellectual growth has been retarded instead of nourished; the fruits of their educational system are ignorance, disease, and poverty, and the only visible fruits of their religion are credulity, superstition, vice, and crime. Surely this is not the boasted Roman Catholic education we hear so much of in the United States? And even in the States how much of our freedom of conscience, freedom of speech and the press, how many of our free institutions and democratic principles are due to Roman Catholic education? Pray tell me where there is a striking example of the uplifting influence of Roman Catholic "education" on a people? It can't be in Spain, Ireland, Mexico, Portugal, Venezuela, Cuba, or any of the Central or South American States where the Roman Catholic Church dominates in their governmental affairs. Where then is it?

But to return to Porto Rico. If the inhabitants of this island had been left to their natural inclinations and desires, the increased freedom to enter into commerce with the outside world, the influence from contact with other peoples, and perhaps with no religion at all, there would undoubtedly have existed a higher state of civilization. If the reader is a student of history he knows very well that commercial intercourse among nations has had a greater civilizing influence than any other known cause. What then must we expect from a little island like Porto Rico, whose people have been for nearly four hundred years all but cut off from all free commercial intercourse, and a chance to observe and learn from other nations? Spain may have given Porto Rico the best she had, but Spain could not give them what the church refused to sanction.

Surveying in a general way the fruits of Roman Catholic religion and education as found in Porto Rico by the American Government, do we find them a blessing or a curse to the people of the island? No attempt will be made to give the history of Porto Rico, for the object of this article is only to acquaint the readers of Watson's with the fruits of a religious government as found by the actual observations and experience of the writer. Bearing in mind that Porto Rico is now enjoying the highest state of civilization, her standard of intelligence the highest that has existed since its habitation, if we still find conditions bad, what must they have been during Papal-Spanish rule? As one evidence of this condition an extract is selected from the Official Register of Porto Rico for 1911, which, let it be understood gives the plain facts in as mild and diplomatic a form as possible. In a chapter giving a brief history of the island the Register says:

"A Military Government was at once established by General Brooke, who was succeeded in December, 1898, by General Henry. A Postal System was organized, the government lottery abolished, freedom of speech and the press restored, the use of stamped paper and certificates of residence discontinued, a police force, consisting of Porto Ricans under the command of American officials, was organized, and strict sanitary measures adopted. Free public schools were opened, provision made for writ of habeas corpus and jury trials, the courts were organized and imprisonment for political offenses, chains, solitary confinement and other similar methods of punishment were abolished. Pending the restoration of normal conditions, the foreclosure of mortgages was temporarily suspended. The Spanish currency in use was retired and replaced

by American money. Mayors and other local officials were elected, and in 1899 a census taken, which showed a population of 953,243."

Nowhere in governmental documents can the officials get at the true cause of these conditions. Why? To expose the cause would be virtually an exposition of Roman Catholicism, and to expose Roman Catholicism would grossly offend all Porto Rican Catholics, as well as those in Spain and the United States, resulting only in unpleasant if not serious complications.

It is hoped that no part of this article will be construed as a criticism or a condemnation of the people of Porto Rico themselves. Their condition is an effect, and the cause lies beyond them or their control. What they could have done if given a show is being well demonstrated in what they are doing now. Porto Rico is known as the "Queen of the Antilles," and truly deserves the title. As to climate, natural wealth and scenic beauty, she is unsurpassed. Why then, should there not be prosperity and a high state of civilization on an island so beautiful, with so delightful a climate and all natural tendencies toward self-reliance and the building of individual character, antagonism to commerce and free intercourse with the outside world, and the existence of a class of degraded aristocracy?

Those not familiar with the island before American occupation will naturally want to know what the religion had to do with a "free school" system. Answer: everything. The people had no other means of education except through and by their religion. No system of education that was not favorable to Roman Catholicism was tolerated. They virtually had no other government except the church. The Spanish had a so-called civil government it is true, but that government was nothing more nor less than the executive arm of the Catholic church, very much as it is in Spain today, only more so. The church then, was the whole thing, and, being above the civil government (just as zealous Roman Catholics say it should be in the United States today), no laws could be passed

METHOD OF EXECUTION, THE GARROTTE, IN USE BEFORE THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT WAS ESTABLISHED

or enforced without the consent and approval of the Bishop of Porto Rico (and the Bishop was THE Church so for as the Island of Porto Rico was concerned). There was of course no such thing as a "Free School" system, for one might as well look for the proverbial snow-ball in Hades as a "Free School" in a country where the Pope rules. There was maintained on the island a so-called Public School system, but from what the writer can ascertain from the most reliable sources, the main object of this system of schools was to reconcile the people to Roman Catholicism. As one evidence of these conditions in the educational system, or rather the excuse for one which required some four hundred years for the Catholic Church and the Spanish Government to build up, another quotation is given from the Official Register of Porto Rico for 1911. The following extract is taken from the Chapter on Educational work since the time the American Educational system was inaugurated:

"At the time of the American occupation of Porto Rico, in October, 1898, there was in existence a system of schools comprising 380 public schools for boys and 148 public schools for girls, making a total of 528 public schools, with an enrollment of 25,644, and an actual attendance of 18,243. These schools were maintained by the local communities, were housed in buildings temporarily rented and which were used as living quarters for the teacher and his family, were ungraded, poorly equipped, and manned by teachers inadequately and irregularly paid. These teachers held permanent licenses, and hence were subject to no tests as to proficiency.

"From the inception of American government in the island, particular attention has been given to the matter of extending the school system. The need for this is shown by the fact that according to the census of 1899 *only 15 per cent of the population over ten years of age could read and write.*" (Italics mine.) . . . . "For the education of those who are unable to attend the day schools, 262 night schools are in operation ,with an enrollment of more than 15,000. The great majority of persons attending these schools are adults."

Eighty-five per cent of the population over ten years of age illiterates! How's this my Catholic friend, after nearly 400 years of your boasted Catholic education? And in view of the large number of "illegitimate" births, the exorbitant fees charged by priests for performing the marriage ceremony, and the natural consequences thereof, what have you to say as to the principles of justice and morality embodied in your religion? But mind you, the majority of these illiterates were well versed in the supposed powers of the "Escapulario" (charms) and the "holy" Padre (father). Also please note the number of school provided for girls as compared with those for boys. Great chance the Porto Rican girl had for getting an education, wasn't it? Our women of America should keep a sharp eye on the wiley priest. Look you even now in our very own United States and see the priest join forces with the saloon and all classes of thugs, bullies, and reprobates, or anything else to combat the emancipation and enfranchisement of women. I would like to show some of our sleepy American women some of the results in Porto Rico of one of the reasons why the priest works so strenuously to keep women in ignorant and slave-like conditions. Were the majority of women interested enough to demand the proper investigations they could soon bring to light these reasons.

Below is a list of text-books, the use of which was obligatory in the so-called public schools of the island. There were also taught in these same schools some of the common branches

like arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, spelling, reading, etc., but just how many and how much time was devoted to them is not known, but if eighty-five out of every one hundred inhabitants over 10 years of age could neither read nor write, it is a pretty safe guess that very little time was devoted to these common branches. Here then, are the sacred books used as official text-books:

Fleury. (A catechism by "Fleury" on Roman Catholicism).

Doctrina Christiana. (Christian Doctrine).

Catecismo. (The Catechism).

Historia Sagrada. (Sacred History).

There was also used in some of the schools a semi-religious book entitled "Juanito," but the writer cannot determine whether or not this work was officially adapted in any of the schools. A curious fact about the study of these works is that I have met a number of Porto Ricans who are familiar with their catechisms, yet can neither read nor write.

One of the very first things that has attracted the attention of an observant person on first coming to Porto Rico is the conspicuous absence of adequate school buildings. The buildings used by the Spanish public schools were mostly rented "shacks," poorly equipped and poorly ventilated. While the Department of Education has been building as fast as funds could be secured for the purpose, there is yet a great deal of work to be done along this line. It appears that the department has not only the usual difficulties to encounter in building up a School System, but on almost every side it has to combat the priestly hatred of free and secular schools.

The writer has observed a number of cases where young Porto Ricans have broken away from the church, her antiquated customs and superstitions, taken advantage of the modern schools established by the Americans, and are making themselves intelligent, efficient, and highly desirable citizens in every respect. It appears necessary for them to break away almost entirely from the church influence before they can advance very rapidly or very far. There are indeed many "Catholics" who are just as intelligent, moral, self-respecting, and democratic as the most advanced outside of the church, but it is observed that they are Catholics mostly in name; they are what they are *despite* the church—not because of it. Another convincing proof that the people are not themselves to be blamed for their condition, is the eagerness with which the women as well as the men grasp every opportunity to earn a little money of their own, thus giving them a taste of liberty, higher intelligence, cleanliness, and self-respect. A number of girls were particularly observed when starting in to earn their first real money. Some of them would come into the city on the cars wearing dresses that looked as though they had not changed in a month, and from each girl's neck was suspended by a huge chain an "Escapulario" or amulet to ward off all disease and evil spirits. As these girls began to earn a little money, and working where they could observe "Americans" and other free and well educated ladies, marked improvement could be noted in cleanliness, dress, carriage and manners. After a few months many of these girls appeared to be different personages entirely. In addition to this, in many families where one, or possibly two, of the younger children have been educated in American schools, it makes almost a complete division in the family. The writer knows a number of families where conditions in the home have been almost completely revolutionized by the introduction of sanitary conditions, cleanliness of person, bathing, proper disposition of refuse matter, etc., through

the proper education of these younger members of the household.

The genus native held a very peculiar attitude toward bathing. It had been handed down to him for ages back that it was dangerous to bathe during any month of the year that had an R in it, therefore there was only a very short period of the year that they could avail themselves of the use of water for the purpose of bodily cleanliness. This superstition is now about dead, and the "new" Porto Rican delights in his "daily dip" just as though he had always believed in it.

There are still many evidences of the two distinct classes that existed during Spanish rule—the Aristocrat and the Serf-class, or slave-like "Peon." To see a real Spanish "Lady" or "Dona" on the street, fully togged out in genuine Spanish "Aristocratic" style is indeed a very wondrous sight.

Our own American women are enough to drive us insane almost at times with their outlandish and freakish styles, but they have nothing on the Aristocratic "Dona." Please let it be understood that we are not speaking of the Spanish as a people or race—this refers only to their so-called "Aristocracy." When any people, no matter what color, how wealthy, or where they live, begin to think themselves superior to some other people, or all other people, and consider work a disgrace, they have already begun to rot at the top. Nemesis with her barrel-stave always has her eye on the genus aristocrat. The Spanish are a noble race of people, they have a beautiful and expressive language, also many beautiful customs. The Spaniard is capable of intense feeling, and when this feeling is perverted into hate, fear, malice, hypocrisy, intolerance, and desire for revenge, the individual is transformed from a high type into a degraded one. Catholicism seems to pollute and poison this intense feeling of the Spaniard, and when he is crystalized into the belief that the Pope and his satellites are "Supreme," he despises everything that isn't favorable to his religion. Such was the legacy left the Porto Rican Roman Catholic by his former Spanish masters. We deplore the results, pity the victims, and denounce the cause. I love Porto Rico, and I see great possibilities for its people, but it is very evident that these great possibilities will never be attained so long as they depend upon Roman Catholic religion and education to pull them out of the dirt and mire of ignorance, credulity and superstition. Modern free schools and a Secular Government have accomplished more toward this end in the last fifteen years than the Catholic School and a Catholic Government did in the 400 years previous.

Very few of the "faithful" among the Porto Ricans will discuss the subject of Catholic education and its results in Porto Rico, and when they do, the very moment you question the authority of the church to control the educational systems on their Island, they bring the conversation to a speedy close. Once or twice I succeeded in drawing one along so far as to attempt to explain the cause of such unfortunate conditions, and this cause they attribute to a lack of proper faith on the part of the people in the church principles. One fellow unmuzzled his fanatacism so far as to explain that the cause of such poor results along educational lines was that the majority of the people were, in addition to their lack of proper faith, too poor to afford books for their children, or to pay teachers to instruct them. This seems to fit in very well with a statement made by a non-Catholic Porto Rican, and a very reliable man, to the effect that on account of his father being too poor to pay the "extras" demanded by the teachers (tools of the church), such cruelties were inflicted upon him that it was necessary for him to be taken

from school. He also states that he can cite a number of other cases where certain pupils were forced to leave school on account of cruelties and neglect, resulting simply because their parents were too poor to pay the "extras" demanded. But when I asked my zealous Catholic friend who had been so kind as to explain about the inability of the people to pay for proper educational facilities, who paid for all the fine cathedrals, nunneries, convents, etc., with their rich interior decorations, he immediately bethought him of an engagement somewhere else. This to him was a very impertinent question, and I received no answer. Another gentleman, now a well-to-do merchant, while making no complaint whatever as to the system, admitted that in the school he attended there was only one text-book on Grammar for use in the entire school, each pupil taking his turn at using it. A few other text-books were supplied for use in about the same manner. When asked about the religious books he used, a list of which has already been given, he admitted that he could not remember a time when they were short on these. Of course these instances are not to be taken as typical of the conditions that existed in all the public schools over the Island, but are given more to show how careful the clergy was to see that the people did not get an over-dose of intellectual stimulus.

We in America who have never been outside our own immediate province cannot begin to fully appreciate the benefits of our secular school system. But it's the old, old story—Liberty is never fully appreciated until it is lost. Would that every American could live for a short while in some one of the Papal ruled countries in order that he might be brought to a full realization of the value of the civil and religious liberties he now enjoys, and which cost our forefathers so dearly. I myself have never lived in one of these Papal-ruled countries during such rule, but I have visited one, and lived in another shortly after His Holiness (?) had to evacuate, and can see on every side the intellectual and moral devastation wrought in Porto Rico by nearly 400 years of government of the "Vicar of Christ," through his representatives the priests and executive arm, the Spanish Government. And I know this—every American with one grain of love for freedom seeing what I have seen and knowing what I know of the actual results of Roman Catholic religion and education, would reverently uncover every time he passed a "Little Red School House."

Let us just imagine the Pope dominating in our own United States. Picture a Cardinal—a "Royal Prince of the Blood"—living in a White House No. 2 in Washington. Instead of calling on high governmental officials to confer with them—they would call on him. This "Prince" and his black-robed cabinet, getting their instructions direct from Rome, must be consulted and their "O. K." secured on every bill presented to Congress before it can become a law. All Federal officials must be true and tried subjects of His Holiness. No newspaper or periodical will be tolerated that is at least, not antagonistic to Roman Catholicism. You cannot hear a lecture or read a book that has not previously had to undergo the censorship of the clergy. You may be able to send your child to a "Public School," but not to a *free* one; a school where a large number of its text-books are so-called "sacred" with a picture of the Pope or some other high church dignitary on the front cover, and if you antagonize the tendency to make a Papal subject of your child, life is made miserable for both it and yourself. No marriage ceremony will be valid unless performed by a priest, and the fee for such ceremony is not what you choose to give him, but what *he* chooses to

exact from you, all of which would be duly provided by law. A regular "tax" must be paid in order that your deceased may remain buried in "consecrated" ground, and an additional "tax" to keep their souls out of Purgatory. Just take a look at the accompanying photograph of a Catholic "Bone Pit" and see where the remains of your deceased loved ones would go, if for any reason you could not pay this "tax." Would also like to attach a photo of their "Soul Pit" in Purgatory, but being unable to find out just where it is located, this is impossible. All churches and church property would not only be exempt from taxation, but a heavier tax would be levied on your own property to make up the deficiency, and to help pay the salaries of the clerics. Beginning to sound preposterous is it not? Nevertheless these are just the conditions that existed in Roman Catholic Porto Rico through

THE "BONE-PIT," WHERE HUMAN BONES WERE THROWN, IF TAX ON GRAVE WAS NOTPAID.

nearly 400 years of church rule, and from all reliable information to be had pretty much the same conditions exist in most all Papal-ruled countries today. Why do the people stand for it, you ask? That question may be answered by asking another one: Why are *you* so blind and indifferent to attempts made by priests and the Knights of Columbus to bring about the same conditions in the United States *right now?* Porto Ricans were, and are yet, a subjective people. They had no say in what they would have—they simply had to take what was handed to them on the point of a bayonet, as it were. They had Roman Catholic religion and Roman Catholic education for so long that the younger generations growing up did not know that there was anything else in the world for them—and there wasn't so long as they were on the island of Porto Rico—and when Uncle Sam came in with his "Godless" government and his "Godless" schools some of them actually thought they were losing the only thing that made life worth living.

Are you beginning to see why the Roman Catholic clergy stand squarely to obstruct free education? Why they hate science and the scientists? When a man or woman is educated high enough to evolute out of Roman Catholic superstition, graduate, in other words, they seem to have no further use for that form of religion. This is no mere "theory" or "guess." The writer can cite case after case in Porto Rico where just as soon as the native began to understand the true nature of things, to broaden out as it were, and get a little general knowledge of the outside world, he simply grew right out of the church. Their past records will show that just as long as they were kept in ignorance and superstition, especially as regards the "Unknown" (that awful Unknown!) they were loyal subjects of the Pope. This would seem to cast a reflection on some of our "highly educated" American Roman Catholics, but not so if you are an expert psychologist. One of the strongest points in favor of Catholicism is the fact that so many so-called "highly educated" people are strong adherents to the Faith.

The Roman Catholic church is the Chameleon of religion—she takes on any color to suit the time and place. In America today, to thrive she must be very, very tolerent—especially at times and in places where her actions are open to the public. To make herself popular she must rend the air as it were, with cries of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," "Long live the Constitution." (Although I am told that not so very long ago one high church official forgot for the moment where he was and exclaimed: "To Hell with the Constitution.") "We are for Free America and her free Institutions!" Not only in this, but there are many other ways she has for fooling the credulous Yankee into the belief that she is The One and Only Holy Religion. So the "highly educated" fall for it the same as the illiterate, just because there is a vast difference between so-called "educated people" and thinking people. Many educated people can't think, and inversely, many great thinkers are not educated. But when you meet a thinker who is also educated, look out! But what's the use? You can figure this all out if you want to. The point I wish to make is that the Porto Rican educated in the American school to *think* as well as say "Polly wants a cracker"—usually thinks himself right out of the church. But there are many failures, even in our best schools here, all of which goes to show that in those 400 years the root of credulity and superstition went deep. It appears that a man may be highly educated—and even scientific in certain secular lines; in business he questions, weighs, sifts, and

analyzes; he considers consequences, but when it comes to his religion, credulity has him heart and soul. Before a priest he is completely hypnotized and undone. He leaves all to the "Father" and never questions—for to question is exactly what he is taught *not* to do—*never to question the acts of the church.* The ability to think is paralyzed. An educated thinker is never afraid to venture beyond the limits set by his alma mater, and he does not hesitate to explore the why and wherefore of even his religion. But what courage it takes to do this! Few of us have it. Herein lies one of the great values of a secular school system—it teaches boys and girls to *think*, and a thinker of course is a tough proposition for the priest to handle. I go over all this in order that the reader may better understand the principal reason why the intellectual and moral state of Porto Rican people were kept practically at a stand-still for nearly 400 years. I say "stand-still," rather their energy was perverted and turned back upon itself, resulting in intellectual and moral stagnation.

Both the Commissioner of Education and the Director of Sanitation are doing wonders in their respective lines; each man seems to fully realize the importance of his position, and each seems bent on giving the people of Porto Rico the full benefit of the latest and most effective methods of education and sanitation. It appears up to the Protestants now to combat the Pope's antagonism to the splendid work of these two departments of the Insular Government. Zealous Roman Catholics will no doubt maintain that the Roman Catholic church is just as enthusiastic in the upbuilding of a high state of education and an efficient system of sanitation as any of the Protestants, but some how or other they did not get around to the accomplishment of these things during her 400 years of unobstructed rule in Porto Rico.

We in America are a very busy people—in fact so busy that we fail to hear the cry of degraded and suffering humanity. Not only this, but we have too many people who are ready to jump on unfortunate or fallen human beings—seemingly just because they are "down." How many deluded and misguided Americans return from Porto Rico and loudly disparage, slander, and belittle the *people* of Porto Rico on account of conditions existing among them, and not even breathing a hint as to the *cause* of these deplorable conditions! It may be Christian and God-like to forgive wrongs and overlook faults, but there is something grander than this, and that is the ability to go back to the origin, the cause of these wrongs, faults, conditions, etc., and place the blame there, after which there will be, in most cases, nothing in the victim to "forgive and overlook." It can then be seen more clearly wherein he needs a helping hand.

One Porto Rican,—a clean, well-appearing, intelligent looking fellow, I heard stand up and bitterly denounce all advocates of free speech, free press, free schools, and stated plainly that it was not only no sin, but commendable in one of the Faithful, to bring about, directly or indirectly, the death of a heretic,—any one who opposed either by speech or press, the Holy Catholic church. We cannot condemn this man for his view in this respect, he is sincere, honest, and a loyal Catholic. If the man's nature had not been perverted and polluted by the abominable teachings of the Catholic church, he would have no doubt been humane, kind, sympathetic, and a loyal friend. He is a man whose pulse beats high with life, but his ideas, his ideals, his vim, and his energy, that is, his ability to feel intensely, have all been perverted into the wrong channels. He

had no choice in the matter of his education—he was turned over to the priests of Porto Rico during his "Plastic Age," and not having ever been permitted to come in contact with other teachings, he naturally believes that everything outside of Catholicism is base and sinful. This man is a type. What can we think of the mentality then, of the American who returns to the United States, denounces and slanders the *individual*, saying nothing at all regarding the *direct cause* of his unfortunate mental condition? It seems their mind cannot spread out and take in the whole of the situation. Why cannot we all say with dear old Walt Whitman, "Not until the Sun excludes you will I exclude you?" Why do we denounce the victim and allow the *cause* to go free and blameless? Americans must have a shaking up; they *must* see things in their true light.

It is not my intention to defend the people of Porto Rico against all blame, for they both individually and collectively have their faults. No doubt many of Porto Rico's strongest and most able citizens have played into the hands of the church—for personal considerations and honors; and again no doubt many of these abominable teachings of the church were very acceptable to many of the indolent and "vagabond" class of the natives; but when I refer to the Porto Rican I mean the average representative citizen, the man who loves his country and his people and desires to live well. A man may have both these desires, and yet not be loyal to the government in power, not able to live well. No man can have the proper respect for authority, either civil or ecclesiastical, which tyranizes over him and commands his obedience through fear. The Spanish Government succeeded only by the sword—the ecclesiastical government (Roman Catholic) succeeded by threats of Hell and Purgatory, assisted by the sword. But neither commanded the respect of the honest patriotic Porto Rican.

Readers will no doubt remember the breaking out of the bubonic plague in Porto Rico about a year ago. It is claimed by some that the plague started from plague-infected rats probably brought here on ships calling on their way from South America; but it is generally conceded that the plague originated right here in Porto Rico, and in a district of San Juan called "Puerta de la Tierra," (Door to the Land.) In many parts of this district natives, dogs, cats, goats, and chickens may all be seen in the same house together, the native knowing little and caring less about sanitation and cleanliness. It was in this district that the greater number of plague cases developed; a few cases were reported from other sections of the city, but were most all traceable to "Puerta de la Tierra." The only manner in which the priests and zealous churchmen attempted to assist in the suppression of this plague or its effects, was by selling amulets, charms, etc., which were guaranteed to keep off the plague germs as well as evil spirits. If the disease attacked one of the wearers of these charms, it was because the victim did not comply with all the requirements in the procuring and wearing of said charm; while if he escaped the plague it was due to no other reason than the protection afforded by his "Escapulario," (Charm.) As further evidence of this practice during the "plague scare" as we call it now, I quote the exact words of Dr. W. F. Lippitt, Director of Sanitation for the Island of Porto Rico, in his "Message of the Grand Master," in Official Bulletin of the Grand (Masonic) Lodge of Porto Rico; says Dr. Lippitt:

"Immediately after the outbreak of the plague the members of a certain religious hierarchy, offered for sale charms and scraps of paper with pray-

ers printed on them. These charms and scraps of paper were guaranteed to keep off the infection. I do not know whether they were supposed to scare the elusive flea or in what particular manner they were to do their good work.

"At the time the Grand Lodge began its work of assistance the Grand Knights of Columbus announced their intention of holding a fair for the purpose of securing funds for purposes of charity, but it was not carried into effect."

The plague was checked, however; the city cleaned and the infected rat exterminated, or nearly so, and as a result sanitary conditions are better in general. Whether these results are due to the splendid fight made by the Sanitation Department, or the printed prayers, amulets, charms, etc., circulated by the church, has not yet been fully decided—to the satisfaction of the church, at least. We wonder what would have been the result if the sole chance for checking this dreaded plague had been left in the hands of the church? This damnable method of pouncing upon a plague-stricken and frightened people, using their affliction as a means of separating them from what little hard-earned money they had, was bad enough, God knows, but what must be our feelings toward the church and her black-guard hirelings when they went so far as to attempt to obstruct the work of the employees of the Sanitation Department in cleaning the city and killing the plague-infected rat?

It has been said that the "Recipe for perpetual ignorance is, be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge." How well this applies to the church in Porto Rico! For 400 years the priests have been satisfied with their creed, their catechisms, their incense, candles, amulets, charms, etc., and perfectly content with their limited knowledge, and the ignorance, credulity, immorality, and disease among the people of the island. For nearly 400 years the priests have been educating the people in nothing but Roman Catholicism, neglecting entirely their well-being on this earth. Children here were virtually turned over to the priest at birth. Romanism was the only religion they were taught or could be taught, for the literature of all other religions was carefully kept away from them. What were the fruits? A thickly populated island, a large percentage of whom were illegitimates, and eighty-five per cent of them illiterates! Let the reader please bear in mind that this pertains to the time of American occupation of the island—at the termination of Catholic-Spanish rule, (1898). There is no comparison between conditions now and at that time. Many of the ill effects of these 400 years of "Dark Ages" still exist it is true, for this is really only the beginning of the Porto Rican "Renaissance."

In Porto Rico the church has never had to bow to any authority, for she herself has been the highest authority, and if she had set the example of immorality, slovenliness, ignorance and crime, what are we to expect from her fanatical adherents who know no other religion? In time,—and during this 400 years there was plenty of it,—Romanism wove herself into the very nature of the people. Sin did not consist in the commission of the act, but in the failure to obtain absolution after its commission. Working on this hypothesis it was only natural for an illiterate people to turn loose all hold upon ambition and will-power for self-control, and depend upon their Padre (priest) to see to their safe delivery into the arms of "Santa Maria"—for a consideration. No other results could be expected from a people believing, almost on the verge of fanaticism, in the power of the priest to control the actions and direct the will of God. It

was the course of least resistence; to believe that pride and self-will is base, that humility and blind obedience to church authority is holiness, is to exchange one's birthright to reality, to natural joy and well-being, for a vague promise of a reward that will never be fulfilled, for such beliefs can only result in ignorance, disease, and crime. Victor Hugo says: "Ignorance, mixed with human paste, blackens it. This incurable blackness takes possession of man and becomes evil." Through Roman Catholicism the Porto Ricans had been kept in ignorance; through ignorance their souls had become blackened, in which state it was nothing more than a culture bed for germs of disease and crime. Conditions are bad enough now; they are everywhere so far as that is concerned, but it is wonderful how far these people have advanced within the past fifteen years, and the mere fact that the average native grasps almost every opportunity to pull himself out of the muck and mire of poverty and superstition is sufficient evidence that he is making headway. There are every day occurrences however, evidencing that the Pope is not dead on the Island by any means, but his influence seems to run in underground currents as it were, as we seldom see them fighting in the open, or in the sunlight. Every now and then some fanatic gets so full of hatred that he explodes and lets escape some of the stench that has been gathering from the workings of influences "higher up." Why does Rome appeal to the brutal and criminal instincts of the ignorant and superstitious to combat the forces that oppose her? This "underground" working or influence of the church appears to be the greatest, if not the only danger that threatens all free institutions on the Island. If this influence was on the increase—growing stronger—then there would indeed be cause for alarm, but since we know that it is only the "remains" and not a new creation, and, growing weaker all the time, the outlook is not so bad. We do not hesitate to denounce and expose any political party that seeks to gain its ends through spies, bullies, fanatical mobs, black-mail, boycott, etc., securing its funds through the preying on weakened minds at deathbeds, etc. Why then should we tolerate the same in a so-called religious institution? Besides do we not expect of all religious institutions or organizations a higher standard of principles and morals than of any political party? How then can we placidly sit idle and watch Rome gain her ends in America and her possessions by just such means as outlined above? While in power in Porto Rico the church did her dirty work open and above board—she had no higher authority to fear, and no one dare question her actions in any respect. These are not mere "growlings" from a prejudiced mind, but pictures drawn from actual conditions on the Island of Porto Rico as observed and experienced by the writer.

A fair example of the extent of church influence among government officials at the time of and before American occupation, the case of Mr. T—— a gentleman of integrity and unquestionable character, is cited as an example. Mr. T. was one of the first American residents on the island after its occupation by the American troops. This gentleman applied to the proper municipal official of one of the largest cities on the island for marriage license. Among the many other questions asked the applicant was this one: "Name of priest that is to perform the ceremony?" Upon being informed that no priest would perform the ceremony, the astonished official looked up with the exclamation: "But you are to be married in the church?" "Certainly," responded Mr. T., "but not the Catholic church; a Protestant minister will perform the ceremony in this case." To this the worthy official

retorted: "In that case the ceremony would not be valid; there is only one church and that is the Holy Catholic church." The result was that Mr. T. had to appeal to the American Military authorities in order to obtain his marriage license.

Mr. T. also witnessed the "lining up" of a number of priests before the office of the U. S. Army Quartermaster shortly after the American occupation, for the purpose of demanding their regular "allowance" (of funds) from the Municipal Government. The Quartermaster requested them to state in what capacity they were serving the Government of the United States. A spokesman of the priests replied that they were the Holy Fathers of the church, and as it had been customary for them to look to the government for a part of their allowance (salaries), they had now called to receive same. The Quartermaster informed them in a very courteous manner that he had no authority to pay out government funds except to duly authorized employees of the United States Government. These experiences of Mr. T. are not mere gossip, the writer has verified them on the most reliable authority.

Protestants and all lovers of liberty and free education have a great and noble work in front of them in Porto Rico. If there is to be an upbuilding of a civilization, and the establishment of an educational system that educates, it is up to them. Porto Rico herself is not helpless by any means, she is getting more and more on her feet every day, but she has been enthralled in slavery for so long that liberty is a clumsy tool in her hands—she hardly knows yet what to do with it. She has had a taste of real education and loves it. Many of her citizense know what it is to be free in a religious sense, and when Porto Rico demonstrates that she can conduct herself properly with religious freedom, it will then be time enough to adjust the question of political freedom. With religious freedom she can grasp the educational advantages that are being opened up for her by the American Government, and when her citizens get sufficient knowledge to enable them to break out of the harness of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, there will be little question as to their ability to rule themselves with credit. Porto Rico is, in the opinion of the writer, perfectly capable of self-rule in the full sense of the word, but self-rule at the present time, and possibly for some time to come, would simply mean Roman rule, for the church still has influence enough to control their government, and there is little question about her doing so if given half a chance. There is and has been ever since I have been on the island, an undercurrent of anti-American feeling, but this feeling is fomented and nourished almost entirely by, and is the strongest evidence of, a struggling, dying Roman Catholicism.

Beautiful Porto Rico! When your intelligence, your religion, and your morals become as beautiful in degree as your God-given natural beauties and delightful climate, then you will not only be "Queen of the Antilles," but will sparkle as the gem of all Latin-American countries.

EDITORIAL NOTES

"OLD books to read; old wood to burn; old grape-juice to drink!"

As to the "old friends," they took their melancholy departure as soon as Theodore Roosevelt had testified that he had never—or hardly ever—utilized the mint beds in the White House gardens, but had left them to waste their tantalizing fragrance on the exasperated air.

* * * * *

James Russell Lowell—one of the very few men of intellect that New England has produced—says, in his Address on Democracy:

"The Democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. * * It is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads."

But when the Sugar Trust and the Tobacco Trust find it to their interest to use our Government as the Imperial Agency which shall hold the Philippine hare, while the Trusts skin it, the fine theories of democracy are no more than iridescent dreams.

* * * * *

While the East India Company was despoiling Hindostan, the salaries of Clive, Hastings and other satraps of the plundering corporation were paid by the corporation.

In the case of the Philippines, the American Trusts do not even have to pay for the up-keep of the military and civil machinery of subjugation and pillage.

Our Federal Government pays the soldiers, the marines, the Governor, the civil establishment and all: the Trusts are at no further expense than its contribution to the campaign expenses of the party which it elects to support in our national elections.

In 1912, those two cormorant Trusts supported and financed Wilson and Bryan. Therefore Wilson and Bryan chose Burton Harrison of New York to be the new Governor of the Philippines.

Those who are familiar with young Mr. Harrison's career in Congress need have no doubt that he will serve the Trusts as faithfully in the proconsular department as he did in the home field.

* * * * *

Why should the Filipinos ever expect independence?

As long as we pay such enormous salaries to our proconsular agents out there, those agents will always honestly believe that their services are needed a little while longer.

Every four years, we will be told that the Islands are making great progress towards the state in which they will be capable of self-government.

But we will always be assured that this desired state has not yet been quite reached.

More time, just a little more, will be necessary—to the end of time. The man does not live who even expects to see those proconsular salary-grabbers and the clerical horse-leeches voluntarily turn loose.

The American taxpayers foot the bills, and the Trusts—lay and cleric—reap the harvest. At vast expense, we caught the rabbit: at vast expense, we hold it: and while we hold it, the

Roman Catholic Trust and our Sugar and Tobacco Trusts unite in skinning it.

That is the exact truth of the situation, and you need never expect to see the brown men of the Philippines become capable of self-government.

Our black men are capable of it. No matter how ignorant and brutal our negroes are, they must vote and hold office. So say Wilson and Bryan. So says the Federal Government.

But while the blackest negro must help rule *us*, and *our* country, and *our* wives and children, and *our* civilization, the brown men of the Islands must not be allowed to rule *themselves*, in their own country—*a country which the God who made them PUT THEM IN!*

Verily, our conception of democracy has undergone a marvellous change, since the days when we sealed in blood the proposition that all men are born free and that all just government is based on the consent of the governed.

* * * * *

When last seen, Mr. Bryan's "vacation" was putting in some of its liveliest licks among the Virginia county-fairs. Previously, it had made the rounds of the Pennsylvania and Maryland chatauquas. It is now the confident belief of Mr. Bryan's ardent friends—whose name is legion—that his vacation will enable him to keep all three of his palaces open and in good repair.

The Hon. John Bassett Moore, Acting Secretary of State, who does Mr. Bryan's work, while the latter draws the salary and accompanies his vacation on its travels, is very much worn and fatigued. It is even intimated that he—the Hon. J. B. M.—needs a two week's rest.

It is to be hoped that the Hon. J. B. M. will not take his rest to the same places where the vacation of the Hon. W. J. B. has been taken.

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If we Democrats were sincere, when we passed up to President Taft *the tariff bills which he vetoed*, why did we not pass up to President Wilson *the same bills?*

Why was the comprehensive free list bill, which gained such popular celebrity under the name of The Farmers' free-list bill, never revived, *after* we Democrats captured the Presidency and both Houses of Congress?

* * * * *

If we Democrats were sincere in fighting national banks, asset currency, and the Wall Street Money-power, why have we adopted the Aldrich plan which perpetuates national banks, legalizes asset currency, and enthrones the Wall Street Money-Trust?

Mr. Bryan says that the people win a glorious victory in the Glass-Owens bill, in that the Government creates and issues the money.

But, as the Government creates the money *for* the national banks, and issues it *to* the national banks, and expects it to be used *by* the national banks, what have *they* to complain of?

What do the people gain?

By this Aldrich-Glass-Owens bill, the Government permanently ratifies, in a time of peace, that surrender of the sovereign power to issue and control the currency which the capitalists wrung from the Government during the stress of Civil War.

No Government can divest itself of a portion, of its royal prerogative, without basely betraying the people that formed the said government.

No government can abdicate the sovereign function of creating money, without giving birth, within its jurisdiction, to a power that will become more powerful than the government.

The only possible explanation of the surrender of the Democratic party to the Wall Street Money-Trust is, that the party cannot help itself.

The national bankers own and control both the old political parties, and

through them own and control the Government.

Wall Street as completely dominates the Wilson-Bryan administration as it dominated the administrations of McKinley and Taft.

* * * * *

The highly moral tone which President Wilson has taken in his preachments to Mexico, must have inflated the souls of the Filipinos with a new hope.

Thus far, the Mexican Ambassador, Gamboa, has had the tact to forget our beyond-sea policies.

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The *Truth Seeker* asks—

> Has Cardinal Gibbons got intellectual lockjaw that he does not attempt to reply to the **Open Letters** of Thomas E. Watson? If a man was ever up against it, the Cardinal is that man. He is evidently scared blue. His silence can bear but one interpretation; that is, Romanism is as bad as Watson has painted it and cannot be defended.

Exactly so. Romanism cannot be defended. Therefore, such Romanists as James Gibbons organize secret societies—traitorous and murderous—to destroy the business of such men as Watson, and to prostitute the federal judiciary in *prosecuting him for telling the truth on them!*

He is under indictment because he *re-printed* a chapter from a Romanist, theological text book.

* * * * *

In 1824, George McDuffie in the course of his monumental speech aganist our infernal Tariff system, described it as "*the most stupendous instrument of corruption ever placed in the hands of public functionaries.*"

To understand what Mr. McDuffie meant, and to appreciate the prophetic clear-sightedness of the Southern statesman, you have only to read with care the sworn statements of the professional lobbyists of the National Association of American Manufactuers—Mulhall, Emery, &c.

The President of this patriotic Plunderbund told the Congressional Committee that it was their right, "as American citizens" to use money in elections, for the purpose of defeating their enemies and electing their friends.

And "what are you going to do about it?"

* * * * *

Mr. McDuffie further said—

"*This system brings ambition and avarice and wealth INTO A COMBINATION, which is fearful to contemplate, because almost impossible to resist.*"

I move to strike out the word "almost."

The combination *is* impossible to resist; hence, we have on its passage, *through a Democratic administration*, a tariff bill which is *THRICE AS OPPRESSIVE*, as any that Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Justin Morrill, or James G. Blaine ever supported!

* * * * *

The "Tariff reform" bill which we Democrats are now imposing upon the country, is worse than the McKinley bill, which we Democrats, in national convention and platform, denounced as "*the culminating atrocity of class-legislation.*"

It makes lots of difference who's in office. See?

* * * * *

Mr. McDuffie further said—

"Sir, I will not anticipate or forbode evil. *I will not permit myself to believe that the Presidency of the United States will ever be bought and sold.*"

Neither will I permit myself to believe such a thing. Yet, when we see the Harvester Trust financing a Democratic campaign—ably aided by the patriots of the Tobacco, Sugar and Oil Trusts,—we need not be astonished when we Democrats feel constrained to vote for a measure which is worse

than McKinley's "culminating atrocity."

Things do not always culminate when we think they do.

* * * * *

Mr. McDuffie further said—

"Sir, in casting my eyes over the history of human idolatry, I can find nothing, even in the darkest ages of ignorance and superstition, which surpasses the infatuation by which *a confederated priesthood of politicians and manufacturers* have bound the great body of the people of the farming States of this Union, as if by a spell, to *this mighty scheme of fraud and delusion.*"

It is even so, at this day. We Democrats of the farming States of this Union are nobly supporting the Tariff bill of the present administration, although that bill is infinitely more of a fraud, a delusion, and a wholesale robbery of the many by the few, than were the measures which aroused the utmost wrath and indignation of George McDuffie.

* * * * *

We Democrats appear to have handled the Mexican situation with our usual exquisite jackassery.

We declared that we wouldn't talk to the murderous traitor—and we paid the expenses of John Lind so that John could go down and talk.

We found Huerta an object of horror and detestation to nine-tenths of Mexico: we have so bungled and blundered, fussed and fumbled that we have compelled the Mexicans to identify Huerta with their national pride, prestige and independence.

If we have missed a single point in the utmost possible score of comprehensive stupidity, I am unable to see it.

* * * * *

When in anger, think twice before you speak. When *very* angry, think four times—and then don't say a word.

Or, as Mr. Meagles puts it in "Little Dorritt," "count ten, Tattycoram!"

The trouble of it is, that when we get furiously angry, we don't want to think twice, nor stop to count ten.

That's the only objection that I can suggest to Mr. Bryan's new plan for universal peace, sweetness and grape-juice.

He advises nations to wait a year or so, after they become excited, before they say or do anything violent.

Of course, they have all promised.

Since they did so, the Balkan war broke out considerably worse than ever: the Japs and Chinese are shaking fists at one another, and we ourselves are lining up troops along the border of Mexico.

"Count ten, Tattycoram," is good advice; but suppose Tattycoram is too blamed mad to count?

* * * * *

Dr. C. Kendrick of Mississippi delivered a fine tribute to the heroism of the high-type physician when he addressed the Little Rock Reunion. One passage we quote—

At the risk of being tedious I will refer to one man whose name is almost forgotten, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, of Port Tobacco, Maryland, who dressed the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, and, because he did not become a swift informer, because he was true to his professional honor, because he did not betray the secret of his patient, he was sentenced to life imprisonment, and for years suffered all the horrors of prison life that hellish ingenuity could devise. He was true to his professional honor, true to his patient, regardless of consequences. Suppose Booth had killed President Davis instead of President Lincoln, suppose some Northern physician had dressed the broken leg and refused to betray his patient and had gone to the penitentiary rather than betray him? Do you not know that the name of such physician would be heralded in song and story as a hero among the greatest? But Dr. Mudd, the only man whom courts have punished for keeping the secrets of his patient, is almost forgotten. But I hope some day the medical profession will erect a monument to his memory, and inscribe on it these words: **"He loved his professional honor better than gold, better than life."**

But this is not all. When yellow fever visited Dry Tortugas, where he and his

fellow prisoners were confined, the prison physician was one of the first to die. Then Dr. Mudd took charge of the sick and treated successfully, not only his comrades in distress, but also the soldiers who were guarding them and heaping all manner of indignities upon them.

* * * * *

In the City of New York, there were bands of gilded youth who became epicures in vice. They craved not only the youngest, but the most exquisite women. Around their libertinism, all the glamor of wealth, luxury, artistic taste was thrown: the satyrs wreathed themselves in flowers: bathed in perfumes; led their nymphs into roseate bowers, where nectar flowed, lights shone, music charmed, and all was elegantly rotten.

Chief of the satyrs was Stanford White: one of his many nymphs was sold to him by her mother: rare indeed was such a refinement of depraved, yet fastidious lust.

It so happened that a crackbrained young man, not wholly putrid, fell in love with the girl, and married her. When she told him "all," he went crazy with anger—as well he might.

He did humanity a service by walking up to Stanford White, and shooting him like a mad-dog—and that's just what such men as White deserve.

Concerning recent happenings to Harry Thaw, Evelyn Nesbit and the unspeakable Jerome, the most terrible thing ever said by a woman claiming to be decent was said by the notorious Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

This is what she said—

"He (Thaw) killed a man who was of some use to the community, a genius. He killed him for a girl who was only made to be cast aside when people tire of her. She was born that kind. If White had ruined the lives of ten like her, the world wouldn't have been out anything. I hope they get Thaw back in the asylum, where he belongs, for he is certainly a menace in any community."

In the virtuous eyes of Mrs. Atherton, the married Whites, who make it their pastime to seek out the prettiest girls, entice them to the gilded dens, ply them with wine, environ them with voluptuousness, and, if need be, drug them into insensibility to facilitate seduction—are *not* "a menace in any community."

If Mrs. Atherton's horrible words truly represent what she really *is*, it is *she* who is "a menace in any community."

* * * * *

Near his Miami, Florida, palace, the Hon. William J. Bryan has begun suit against the police of Jacksonville to recover a diamond, valued at $560. This jewel is alleged to be a portion of the portable property of the simple Jeffersonian who says he cannot live on $12,000 a year.

Whether he recovers the diamond or not, Mr. Bryan is in no danger of coming to want. His office of Secretary of State has greatly enhanced his value as a drawing card to vaudevilles, chautauquas, fairs, and paid exhibitions of all sorts. Consequently, he is earning nearly $2,000 a week, repeating his lectures.

This, in addition to his salary of $12,000 a year, will make it reasonably certain that he will not be compelled to diminish his "accumulations."

Mr. Bryan says that lecturing is his profession. Nobody doubts that, and nobody is disposed to belittle the calling. But what other Cabinet officer would be excused for redoubling his professional work, while drawing a big salary as a public servant?

What would be thought of President Wilson, were he to commercialize *his* office?

Even President Taft, who was justly criticised for being so much away from his post of duty, did not make money for himself by his speaking tours.

If all the Federal officials should imitate Mr. Bryan, we would certainly be the laughing-stock of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS

Napoleon's Farewell.

(From the French)

Farewell to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far:
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on Victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

Daniel Boone, Letter-Writer.

A quaint effort from the hand of the famous old-time frontiersman, who was not often called upon to put pen to paper.

Daniel Boone, as all Americans know, feared nothing. He was always ready to face hostile Indians or savage wild beasts. He never shrank from toil or hardship. Once, in escaping from his red-skinned foes, he traveled a hundred and sixty miles with only a single meal.

But like most frontiersmen of his day, Boone was no book scholar. The pen, to him, was a far more formidable implement than the rifle. At a recent sale of autographs in New York one of the documents that came under the hammer was a letter from the tough-fisted Kentuckian to Isaac Shelby, Governor of the State, regarding certain military operations on the frontier, and written at some date between 1792 and 1795; for in the latter year Boone left Kentucky for the new lands beyond the Mississippi. One hundred and twenty dollars was paid for this interesting relic, the composition of which evidently cost Boone one of the toughest struggles of his life:

As Sum puson Must Carry out the armantstion to Red Stone if your Excelency Should have thought me a proper Person I Would undertake it, on conditions I have the apintmont to vitel the Company at Kanhowway So

that I Could take Down the flower as I paste that place I am your Excelency Most obedient omble Sarvent,

DAL BOONE.

⌘ ⌘ ⌘ ⌘

SAMPLES OF NEWSPAPER WIT.

How a paragraph about a Somnolent Kentuckian went the Rounds of the press with comments supposed to be humorous.

Some curious things happen when the paragraph men get busy. They are the gentlemen with the shears who swell the columns of the local newspaper with spoils from the "exchanges."

A Louisville newspaper, not long ago, printed something about a Kentuckian who had been asleep for twelve years. The story may have been true —there is no telling. The daily press does sometimes print the truth, though it has a keener scent for the picturesque than for accuracy. At any rate, this particular item caught the eye of one paragraph man after another. The first to comment on it was a Chicago humorist, who said:

A man in Kentucky has been asleep for twelve years. When he wakes up he should be assured of a permanent job as juryman.

A paragrapher in St. Joseph, Missouri, gave it a different twist:

Down in Kentucky a man's been asleep twelve years. Won't he be mighty glad to find out all his debts are outlawed!

A spirit of envy may have inspired the next text on the subject. It comes from a New Orleans paper:

A Kentucky man has been buried in a sound sleep for the last twelve years. Most likely he started in to read one of Marse Henry Watterson's editorials..

Hot on the heels of this unkind cut comes a deliberate insult from Detroit:

See that a Kentucky man has been asleep for twelve years. Don't blame him. That's about all there is to do nowadays if you have to live in Kentucky.

Still hurrying on its way, the scrap of intelligence slips into a Columbus, Ohio, editorial room, where the man takes it and hurls it back in this shape:

There's a man in Kentucky who's been asleep for twelve years. As long as he keeps his eyes shut and lies still it's all right. He's a blamed sight honester than a lot of other Kentuckians who have been walking around sound asleep for twice twelve years.

One might be inclined to wonder suspiciously about the habits of the Harrisburg man who fixed it up this way:

We learn with interest that a Kentucky man has been asleep for twelve years. He probably came in at 3 a. m., too muddled to make excuses to his wife, and now he's simply sidestepping the morning-after explanations.

A Cleveland newspaper shows a tendency to dig at the local police. It says:

A man in Kentucky has been asleep for twelve years. This naturally brings up the pertinent query, "Why isn't he on our police force?"

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BILLY, HE'S IN TROUBLE.

(Anonymous.)

I've got a letter, parson, from my son
away out West,
An' my ol' heart's as heavy as an anvil
in my breast,
To think the boy who's futur' I had
once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right
an' come to such an end!
I told him when he left us only three
short years ago,
He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty
crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels, and his
mother's prayers, too;
But he said the farm was hateful, an'
he guessed he'd have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a
youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the cour-
age to resist;
An' when he left I warned him o' the
ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's
pathway everywheres.
Our Bill, he promised faithful to be
keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make
us mighty proud;
But it seems as how my counsel sort o'
faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble of the
very wustest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I some-
how sort o' knowed
That Billy was a 'trampin' on a mighty
rocky road;
But I never once imagined he would
bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust would waller his ol'
daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the
story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush
her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might
break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't
say what fur.

The Catholic Federation.

Among the chief points of interest pertaining to the work and purposes of this organization we mention the following:

1. Its whole aim is to glorify and exalt the Catholic church.

2. To accomplish this purpose it is working in every way to make the United States a Catholic nation.

3. It claims a membership of nearly three millions, and being composed of Catholic secret societies, its members are almost entirely males of voting age.

4. It is active in politics to the fullest extent and its political power is feared and courted by seekers for political office, high and low.

5. A resolution passed at the Louisville meeting made the announcement: "We proclaim before the world our unswerving adherence to the universal Catholic demand for the absolute independence of the Holy See, without secular dominance or interference." To catch the significance of such a statement it is anly necessary to remember that the papacy is an organization spreading out over all lands, including the United States, and that its head, the pope, claims authority over all men in secular as well as spiritual affairs. Hence if secular powers did not interfere with the authority of the pope in secular matters, but allowed "absolute independence" to the Holy See, the pope would be the ruler of all nations and of the world.

6. One of the chief aims of this organization, for which it is working most actively, is the suppression of all anti-Catholic literature, both historical and otherwise. It is removing from public libraries and from school text books histories which record the bloody deeds of the Catholic church during the Dark Ages, and is even demanding legislation of Congress forbidding anti-Catholic literature from being circulated through the mails or even offered for sale.

7. It works upon the minds of the people by means of the spectacular, knowing the susceptibility of human nature to such influences, and is employing this means with much success in impressing the public with the idea of the greatness and power of the Catholic church. At Louisville there was a pageant containing seventy-four expensive floats typifying various periods in the history of the Catholic church, and occupying two and a half hours in passing a given point.

8. In its conventions and public

functions Protestants as well as Catholics participate, including government officials; Protestant business men for fear of a boycott should they refuse and government officials for fear of defeat at the polls should they not be on hand to do homage to Rome.

It will thus be seen that this Catholic Federation is a very real and powerful factor in American political as well as religious affairs, exerting a powerful pressure to turn America back toward that papal dominance from which the world was largely freed by the Reformation. It is perhaps the chief instrument upon which Rome relies to "convert" America and the Anglo-Saxon nations, and through them to turn the world back to again acknowledge her supremacy.—The Watchman.

The Truth About Tolstoi.

Frau Anna Seuron, for many years a governess in Count Tolstoi's household, has published a book of personal reminiscences which will rudely shock the admirers of the great Russian writer. Frau Seuron, says the Home Journal, while declaring herself still one of his greatest admirers, says that he is not a harmonious, simple character, that he is not a genius, a true vein of precious metal in the rock, but a patchwork, a bit of mosaic, whose cracks and faults have been so well daubed over that they appear to many people to form a smooth, united surface. He is no anchorite, convinced of the nothingness of the world, who has conquered himself and turned his back on it in disdain, but a man who has carried his vanity over into the "new life" which he has fashioned after his own pattern. When he finds that his sins and his principles cannot be reconciled by any amount of discussion, he turns a somesault from his point of view, withdraws to his study, and begins, with all the more zeal, to set down in writing his laudations of the elementary principles of life which he has just outraged. After firmly refusing for more than a year to touch meat, he allowed his family to persuade him to eat poultry, though he maintained that he intended to adhere to his rules. But the attentive observer would hear the clatter of knife and fork in the dining-room during the night, and the next morning the cold roast beef which had been left on the table would be found half devoured.

Tolstoi never confessed to his sin of weak indulgence, but Frau Seuron declares that she is sure of her facts. He also indulged surreptitiously in a smoke, after preaching against it. She concludes that, while the Count might be a temporary fanatic for abnegation, he was not built for a saint. As a proof of this, she alleges his treatment of his own peasants, and of the poor and of beggars in general. His pockets were usually very tightly buttoned, even when a few kopeks would have relieved the distress. She accuses him of being indifferent, and says that momentary, strongly overpowering impulses of miserliness often made him hardhearted. On such occasions he justified himself in his own eyes by his theories as to the evil of money and the blessings of poverty.

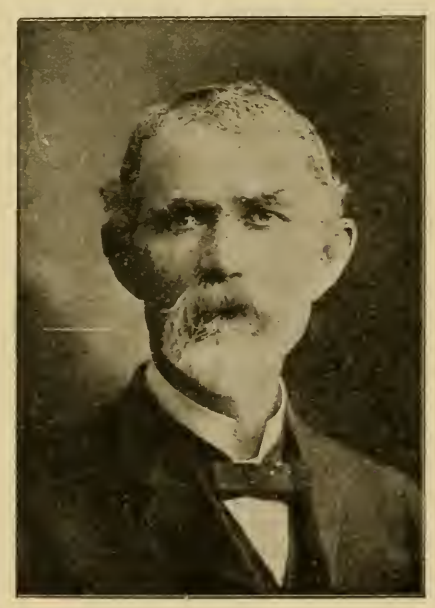
For example, when the peasants of his village, Yasnaya Polyana, had but three spades among them, and lacked all the implements wherewith to cultivate the land, he refused to help them to buy the necessary tools. He said that "precisely this lack of implements made them lend to each other, and that was an act of helpful brotherly love." When the Count, who was constantly talking and writing about brotherly love, talked with a begging peasant, the despot of the sixteenth century awoke in him. It was as if abysses lay between them. An evil look came into the Count's eyes, and the petitioner went away shaking his head.

When the Countess Tolstoi, anxious for her own future and that of her children, wished to exploit his works, the Count vehemently protested against money in his usual strain. But when the Countess persisted and carried on affairs too openly, under his very nose, he "cut a somesault," went out and chopped wood. He worked in earnest at such tasks as carting and distributing manure. He did not change his dress for dinner, and brought the odors in with him; as he has a strong taste for perfumes, and did not stint himself in the use of them, the combination of smells sometimes required strong nerves on the part of those present. Frau Seuron takes a very practical view of his arduous labors; they replace, she says, the riding and hunting which he has forsworn. His healthy, muscular frame requires a great deal of exercise, and he takes it in this form because it suits his health; and that is all there is to the fad of hard labor for the salvation of the soul.

NOTE: Published several years ago. Tolstoi wandered off from home, after a domestic storm, and perished on the road. T. E. W.

Details as to Sudden Death of Judge Samuel Williams

DEAR SIR: I hasten to answer your letter at the first opportunity. Mr. Williams left here July 30 for Springfield, Ill., on business. He



THE LATE JUDGE WILLIAMS.

was taken sick in Springfield the following day. He arrived home Saturday, August 2, in a serious condition and was taken at once to the hospital. That evening he was operated upon for appendicitis. A very bad case of peritonitis had already developed, and the two together were too much. He died about 1 o'clock, Tuesday, August 5th.

He was very sick all the time and no one was allowed to see him.

Yours truly,

CHARLES UNGER.

NOTE: Our friends will remember that Judge Williams was Chairman of the Populist Committee who notified Messrs. Watson and Tibbles, in Cooper Union, New York City, of their nomination to the National ticket.

In 1908, Judge Williams was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Peoples' Party.

He was a very strong man, in purpose, character and intellect.

He had served his people faithfully in the legislature of Indiana; and was, at the time he fell sick, in full practice at the bar, being one of the ablest lawyers in his State.

Death took him off in the prime of life. T. E. W.

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A tent large enough to shelter his vast army, yet so small that he could fold it in his hand, was the gift demanded by a certain sultan of India of his son, the prince who married the fairy Pari-Banou.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE DANGER SIGNAL. By Rev. L. L. Pickett. Pentecostal Publishing Co., Louisville, Ky. Price $1.00.

We rejoice to note that **a fourth edition** of this most timely book has been demanded. We hope that the 40th edition will be called for in the next twelve months.

While our secular papers are full of politics, and our sectarian papers full of doctrinal "pints," the Pope's legions are steadily marching in, and taking possession of our strongholds, the great cities.

Even now, Tammany controls both the old political parties, and Tammany is the union of the Whiskey Trust with the Popish hierarchy.

Even now, the American Press is dominated by the Pope.

Even now, our publishing houses are afraid to **reprint** those anti-Romanist books that inspired the Reformation.

Even now, paid advertisements are refused by our secular papers **and our sectarian papers**, if those advertisements are likely to give offense to bigoted foot-kissers of the Pope.

Therefore, we rejoice to see this new edition of Mr. Pickett's most useful, educational and stimulative work issue from the Pentecostal Publishing Co. T. E. W.

THE ATTACK AND DEFENSE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP. By O. W. Norton. Neale Publishing Co., New York.

"The author and compiler of this book has been blind for many years."

With this pathetic statement, the Foreword begins, in which credit is given to those whose help enabled Mr. Norton to complete his magnificent monograph.

It is, of course, a study of the turning point in the Battle of Gettysburg—a battle which the North still acclaims and which the South still deplores.

When the Toryism of Great Britain and of Europe generally was celebrating and jubilating the defeat of the French at Waterloo, the wise English preacher, Dr. Robert Hall, said regretfully that the clock of human liberty and progress had been set back fifty years.

The great Baptist was almost exactly correct in his prophecy.

It was not until 1848 that democracy again became militant in the Old World, and it was not until 1870 that Italian unity and independence were achieved.

It is now universally acknowledged that Waterloo was the victory of reactionaries, legitimists, absolutists, Divine-right barnacles of Church and State.

In like manner, the Battle of Gettysburg will some day be rightly considered the triumph of Consolidationists, Centralists, Federalists, and Nationalists.

The defeat was that of democracy and Home Rule.

Fifty years from now, all men will see that those Southern States who wished to form a Confederacy of their own, **because** the terms upon which they had agreed to enter the Union of 1787 **had been broken**, were not proposing to **destroy** the Republic of the United States.

With the South outside, the North still had more territory and people left in its union than it knew how to govern.

Vastly better had it been for the common people of the North, had the Southern States been permitted to form a separate, democratic republic.

Had it not been for the War, and for Gettysburg, we would not now be at the mercy of the Trusts, the Money Kings, the exploiters of Privilege.

Privilege breeds abuses: abuses breed frightful inequalities: frightful inequalities breed Revolution.

To that goal, we are speeding, and I regard Gettysburg as the first great step in that direction.

But aside from all this, Gettysburg, like Waterloo, is eternally fascinating; and you will certainly become acquainted with the pivotal points in the titanic struggle if you read the book of this blind scholar who has devoted so many laborious years to the task.

Thierry is the most exact of French historians, and he was blind. He had so many other ailments that he used to piteously exclaim, "O, if I were **only** blind!"

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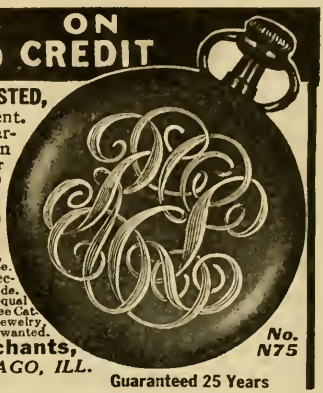

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Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

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